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THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

A sale in a retired country village is an event of no light importance. The idle and unoccupied of the surrounding district seize with avidity so propitious an occasion to escape from the tedious uniformity of their existence, and, from motives varying in degree, but centering alike in a love of change, flock eagerly to a spot offering such multifarious attraction. Some have, or think they have, a taste for paintings; others are amateurs in old china or *bijouterie*; a fine library has charms for a few; and for the many the mere wish of viewing a house and furniture, hitherto perhaps unapproachable, or, yet more, the desire to pry into family concerns and draw forth the secret causes of the impending event, may amply account for the desertion of their homes for one day, even were the opportunity of making that a holiday entirely out of the question.

That the advertisement of a sale in the village of Mardale, a lovely spot in the south of Devon, excited even more than the usual interest was not surprising, as it related to the property of an ancient but decayed family, whose last surviving member, after struggling for some years to maintain his hold on the mansion of his fathers, found himself compelled in the decline of life to bend to his adverse fate, and behold the alienation of all that yet remained to him to love or value.

The news spread far and wide; and, in full expectation that the assemblage would be more than ordinarily great, the landlady of the only inn that our village afforded thought fit to lay in an ample store of provision, under an impression that the fatigue and exhaustion of the visitors would not fail to fill her house and purse; thus exempting the old adage that it is "an ill wind which blows nobody good." That the Golden Lion (now changed by age and weather to the hue of copper) needed such a windfall, few would have been disposed to deny who looked on that venerable sign; but on this occasion our hostess "recoiled," as the phrase goes, "without her host." The wind of this all important day, so far from blowing in her favor, blew, as the sailors say, "right in her teeth;" for, though the visitants outnumbered even her most sanguine calculation, it seemed as though one absorbing spirit of economy pervaded the whole. Never surely was such a transit of eatables as on this memorable occasion—eatables which the fervor of a July sun tended but little to improve! Gravy oozing pasties, tarts bathed in their own syrup, and wiches dissolving in fat and butter, and cakes flattened out of all form or shape by close and careful packing—such were the dainties for the discussion of which the proprietors sought the accommodation of the Golden Lion, deeming the consumption of a pint of ale or a gill of wine ample recompense for the occupancy of its large, cool parlor.

Mrs. Barbara Thoms, however, for such was the name of the hostess, thought very differently, and could, indeed, scarcely dispense her fluids with any degree of temper, in her melancholy forebodings as to the probable fate of her viands. In vain did she intimate the plentiful state of her larder; the intimation fell on deaf ears. In vain did she as her only remaining chance of reimbursement, remind her guests—customers they could scarcely be called—that the day was hot, and counsel them to a more liberal use of her liquors, which, she took care to add, were not to be matched at any village on their way home: the demon of parsimony had taken possession of the whole party, and the hour of closing the view and dismissing the viewers to their respective abodes beheld her with her larder still full, and her cellar little diminished by the custom of a day to which she had looked forward for praise and profit. Under such circumstances the sweetest tem-

per must have become sour; how much more then that of Mrs Barbara Thoms, which, originally none of the best, was quite inadequate to contemplate her present loss and future lack of trade in the removal of that family, with whose fortunes her own had hitherto been closely linked, and in whose ruin she seemed to behold her own prospective downfall!

At this critical time, when she was busily employed in restoring order to her parlor, and mauling over the great trouble and no profit of the day to an awkward serving maid, on whose misdeeds she vented from time to time the accumulated acrimony of her own disappointment, a traveller of middle age stalked suddenly into the apartment, and abruptly craved her leave to put a few questions respecting the sale.

"I have no time to answer questions," responded the angry hostess, looking scornfully round on the dust soiled boots of the intruder, "and I know nothing at all about the sale—every one to their own concerns say I, and I am sure mine just now are enough to put a lone woman past her wits!"

"I should be very sorry to cause you any inconvenience," continued the traveller.—"But I am a stranger—" ["Ay, like enough," muttered Mrs Thoms] "and know not where else to seek for the information which it is doubtless in your power to give."

"May be so, may be not," returned the landlady, looking round, however, once more as she spoke. Apparently this second view was anything but satisfactory, as she turned her back on the speaker with more than needful abruptness, and fell to rating her luckless attendant in a sharper key than before.

"Look before you leap. Are you mad, I say? and the chair leg within a hair of smashing the best looking glass, which, saving the crack along the middle, is as good as new! I trow if you had cracked it I had gone nigh to crack your foolish pate."

"I would not willingly disturb you," resumed the traveller, "but I have journeyed far, and am wearied both in body and mind."

"You should have taken the coach," retorted his unsympathizing auditors, "like other decent folk—and few of them have been seen in Mardale this day! It is not to be thought that, after keeping an open house till this hour for tramps and all sorts, I should live to see such a house tramped over by such a pitiful crew, who had not grace to order bite and hardly sup at an honest woman's public that had toiled for their service—it is not to be thought, I say, that they will open the old hall again and to such as you, friend! Every dog to his own manger is an old saying and a true; not but what if you are wanting to refresh yourself after a long trot this broiling day, and it is like you will be thinking more of that than of the goods up yonder, which are none of your market I guess, you might have lighted on a worse house, and God forbid that I should deny needful provision to any traveller, horse or foot, that can pay his reckoning!"

"I am careless as to food," said the traveller.

"I thought as much," returned the hostess, in a tone of ineffable scorn, "and so, for a half pint of ale or some such small matter, you would, I dare say, take up my parlor and my time! No, no, master!—I have not kept an inn these thirty years to throw my pearls to swine in that fashion. There is a pot house over the way and a sanded parlor—an Axminster carpet is for better guests I trow."

"I begin now to understand," rejoined the stranger, "what indeed I might have recollected sooner, that, to insure civility at an inn, it is requisite to order a dinner."

"A dinner!—the sound was electrical!"

"Why, Nelly, look to the fire—a dinner!" as if recollecting herself, "truly friend, it is soon ordered and soon eaten—but when pay time comes?"

"I shall I trust be able to discharge the reckoning," replied the stranger, holding up a well filled purse.

Never was so rapid a change as in the demeanor of Mrs Barbara Thoms. "That I should make such a blunder!—I who have kept house these thirty years, and ought to know a gentleman at first glance!—and now I look rightly at your honor, I see that you are a true gentleman, and a gentleman's dinner you shall have, or my name is not Barbara—why Nelly! Susan!"

"Stay a moment, my good lady," cried the traveller, laying his hand gently on her arm. As to the dinner I am indifferent."

The countenance of Mrs Thoms fell—"order it as you please"—it brightened again—"I am more anxious to learn the cause of this sale, if indeed yon mansion is still tenanted by a family, with whom, if I err not, you were formerly somewhat closely connected"—Mrs Thoms started. "Believe me" he continued, "I am not actuated by idle curiosity. I would gladly become the purchaser of the domain, if it must pass away from its ancient possessor."

"Alack, there is no remedy," returned the amazed hostess. "The poor old squire—" "He still lives, then!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Ay sure," replied Mrs Thoms; "though considering all the trouble that he has made for himself and that others have made for him, his life is little worth. Alas! alas! that he should be the last of his family, and that, being the last, he should be forced in his old age to quit his own home and lay his head heaven knows where, if indeed to morrow does not kill him outright!"

"Is he—Mr Tresilian I mean—still at the hall?"

"He went to the gardener's just while the house was open," replied Mrs Thoms, "but I make no doubt he has crept back before now; for never was man so loth to leave his own home as my poor old master—but if your honor has a thought to buy the estate, and it might be bought a good penny worth, as I am told, you would doubtless like to see the house?"

"Indeed I should," returned the stranger, eagerly, "but that I fear to intrude on the privacy or misfortunes of its owner."

"Tut, tut, I can manage all that," cried the self-sufficient hostess. "It is but my word to old Mr Merrick the steward, and we can look the house all over, bating the squire's little study, which is hardly worth your honor's notice."

"Do but this Barbara—Mrs Thoms, I mean"—exclaimed the stranger, with extraordinary animation, "and I am bound to your service."

Bound to her service!—poor Mrs Thoms was petrified, but it was with delight. The overstocked larder faded into thin air; her imagination was playing at hide and seek with her wits: a new squire and a rich one!—why such a golden chance must of necessity regild the Golden Lion! Prospective guineas danced before her eyes.

"And your honor really means to buy the whole estate? Thank heaven then I shall not see the old house demolished, the noble trees felled, the beautiful park parcelled out into farms, and the rich furniture and pictures knocked down to Jack Nokes and Tom Styles!"

"And would such profanation have been intended?" cried the stranger.

"They would have done as I have said," replied Mrs Thoms, not perhaps quite comprehending her companion; "ay, and will now if—"

"Never, never!" interrupted he, earnestly.

"Nay and I say amen to that," replied the dame, "as I hope for better times!—but I see your honor is impatient, so I will e'en trust Nelly for once to get things in readiness, and wait on you myself to the old house."

The stranger nodded assent, and, Mrs

Thoms having made her arrangements with all speed, they set forth in good earnest to the now silent manor house.

This mansion, which was of some antiquity, stood on the verge of a park of considerable extent, but chiefly remarkable for its magnificent timber, the stern proprietor having repeatedly declared that he would rather resign the estate altogether than endure to see it shorn of its greatest boast and beauty. From the like feeling he had always resisted any proposal to ward off embarrassment by the sale of pictures or plate, preferring to continue in a ruinous course of borrowing, which had finally led to the impending result. Yet, with the tenacity of one who cleaves to the last moment to the abode of his ancestors, he had postponed his departure for a remote country to the morning of that day on which the sale was to take place, and, as the landlady truly anticipated, had returned from his temporary retreat to rest once more under his paternal roof. This, however, opposed no difficulty to the entrance of those who sought admittance; the private report of Mrs Thoms as to the presumed wealth of the stranger, and his wish to purchase the whole domain, being too agreeable to the feelings of the proprietor—feelings galled to the quick by the thought that his most dearly prized relics might pass into ignoble or unworthy hands—to admit of hesitation or obstacle. A grey headed steward, to whom the stranger apologized for wearing his hat, which he had in fact drawn far over his forehead, offered to be his guide, and the bustling Mrs Thoms constituted herself a supernumerary attendant. Thus accompanied, the stranger passed silently through a suite of venerable rooms, in which the successive accumulations of several generations now stood lotted for dispersion. In vain, however, did Mrs Thoms comment with her accustomed fluency on the merits of articles which she imperfectly understood. In vain did the steward, in speechless fluent, but of greater feeling, give a slight sketch of each apartment and its contents, in order to win the attention of the stranger. Silently, and sullenly, as they thought, he passed on, and each began to fear that his avowed design was but the caprice of a moment, or perhaps a mere artifice to obtain admittance, which might else have been denied.

They had now reached the dressing room of the late Mrs Tresilian. The fondness of a lamenting husband had not permitted any disarrangement of the furniture or appendages, which remained unchanged therefore from the period of her death. Its effect on the stranger was sudden and striking—he sank into a chair, turned deadly pale, and, complaining of faintness, asked eagerly for water. Apparently, however, this was but a pretext to rid himself of his companions, as, on their quick return, they found him leaning with his head on a dressing case of ebony belonging to the deceased lady, and an audible sob, or what at least seemed such, sounded strangely to their ears. On their entering he started up hastily, as if indignant at his emotion being observed, and fixed his gaze on a glass case containing a stuffed dog of the New Foundland species, most admirably representing the action of the living animal.

"It was a great favorite with my late mistress," said the old steward, taking the direction of the stranger's eye, "and the rather I believe because poor Victory once saved my dear young master, from a watery grave—I shall never forget the agony of that moment!—the parents hanging half frantic over their only child, whom I had taken up in my arms seemingly lifeless, while the poor dog stood anxiously by, watching the means I used to restore animation, as though to ask if his young favorite were indeed saved. Alas! he was saved only to be lost to us forever. He died on his passage to India, and my master is the last of his race. Your hon-

or perhaps knew the family, or you would not feel so much?"

"I was once rescued from death in a similar manner," cried the stranger tremulously. But enough of this—I detain you. This way I think leads to the picture gallery?"

"You are right sir," replied the steward in some surprise; and indeed both guides began to look with wonder on one whom they could so little understand.

The gallery into which they now passed was of oblong form and considerable extent, having on one side six large windows, which opening on the gardens and fronting the south west, admitted the full but mellowed radiance of the fast receding sunbeams. At no time perhaps could the paintings have been viewed to greater advantage; yet the stranger looked but coldly on those which would have engaged the attention of a connoisseur, chiefly regarding the family pictures, among which a portrait of the late Mrs Tresilian was perhaps the most attractive, both on account of the beauty of the countenance, and the merit of the painting.

"Ay, she was an excellent lady!" cried Mrs Thoms; "had the squire been but guided by her, Mr Merrick, things had never come to this pass!" The steward looked keenly on her, as if to rebuke such a remark in the presence of a stranger. "I speak no treason," rejoined the pertinacious dame; "but it is not to be thought that one who saw the last of my late lady, and sure a kinder soul never passed from this world to a better, can look on this hour and not feel that had others been like minded—well, well! It is a beautiful face, sir," continued she, addressing the stranger, "but her mind was beyond all earthly beauty."

He replied not, but placed his hand over his eyes, as if to obtain a better view of the painting, when a door at the farther end of the gallery was suddenly opened, and a venerable man, with thin white hair flowing over his forehead, stood before them.

"The master! the master, sir!" said Mrs Thoms, hastily, in a low voice, while the stranger, moved perhaps by the respect due to an old man in misfortune, drew back, and as if instinctively, took off the slouched hat which he had hitherto worn.

"Uncover not to me sir," cried Mr Tresilian; "my sway here verges to its close—verges, say I!—alas! what sway is mine, when I stand thus as a suppliant before a stranger?"

"Instruct me sir," returned the traveller, speaking with difficulty, "instruct me how I may best aid your wishes, and you will find me eager to profit by the knowledge."

"I thank you, sir, for your courtesy," replied the old man, somewhat proudly—"it is long since the voice of kindness has fallen on my ear; it is even longer since I have deserved to listen to it! I understand that you have an intention to become the purchaser of this property?" The stranger bowed. "I believe," resumed Mr Tresilian, "that any person really desirous to become the possessor will not object to the terms on which it is offered, and I must own, sir, that, as I can no longer hope to retain it in my own hands, my sole remaining wish was that it should pass into the hands of one who would not cast forth the ancient retainers of a misguided but truly repentant man. Even for myself, sir, proud as I have been deemed, and stern, ay, and unforgiving, as I continued till shame and sorrow bowed me to the dust, even for myself I would fain ask a boon—a boon of little value to a stranger, but inestimable to me. I would entreat, sir, to be allowed to repurchase that picture, the picture of my late wife, one of the best and brightest of created beings. Oh that I had walked by her counsels!—then had I been spared this bitter cup which it is now my lot to drain, even to the dregs. I understand you, sir—understand the delicacy which assents rather by gesture than speech, and I thank you from my soul; but I have yet another request to prefer, if you will favor me with your company for a few moments."

He waved off the attendants, who had stood doubtful whether to remain or retreat, and then led way into a small adjoining room fitted up as a study, and looking out on the road, which, at this point, passed within view and even hail of the mansion. "That, sir," resumed he, pointing to a picture which hung over the fire place, "that is a portrait of my only son, painted at the age of eighteen, when, if ever father was proud of his offspring, that father was I! Oh what a face,

what a form, was there! yet face or form was light and unworthy when compared with his noble mind! I loved him as a son, fondly passionately loved him; but as my heir, as the destined instrument of perpetuating my name and race, I idolized him! Blind, self-willed fool that I was! I am the last of my family; my once proud hopes are humbled to the dust:—my love alone survives, and, by that lingering love which lives beyond the tomb, I entreat, I implore, you to permit that picture to remain in my possession. You start, sir, you turn away! you think, perhaps, that, emboldened by the grant of one request, I know not where to bound my desires. Listen, and judge if I have not cause to cling to the bright image of him whom I hunted forth to an untimely grave! Sir, I have already avowed the proud hopes of which my son was the object. But who can control the affections of the heart! Intent on my own ambitious schemes, in which he was no sharer, and of which indeed he knew not, I yet exposed him to the greatest of temptations in the form of a beautiful and virtuous girl, the daughter of our village curate, a man whose worth atoned not in my eyes for obscurity of birth and lack of worldly wealth. I discovered their mutual love only to prohibit all future intercourse. The prohibition came too late; their vows were pledged; they fled and were united. It was then that, listening only to the promptings of disappointed ambition, I spurned them from me. Alas! I knew even then that my fortunes were declining, and had presumptuously hoped that by my son's alliance with a neighboring heiress I might be enabled to build up anew my decaying house. Mine was the sin of pride—my fall is its fitting atonement! But, not to tire your patience, let me briefly add that, unmoved by the supplications of her who is now a saint in heaven, I closed my heart to the oft renewed prayers of my son to forgive this his first and only fault, and listened with horrid exultation to the tales of the misery and destitution of the ill-fated pair, which from time to time reached my knowledge. At length the merit of my unhappy son, or rather I believe the compassion of a gentleman in whose family his wife had been governess, obtained for him an appointment in India for which country they immediately embarked with their only child, but the vessel that bore them was miserably lost. From that hour I have never known peace. The innocent partner of my griefs survived the fatal intelligence but a few days, and for me the way of life has become gradually darker, till I am at last what you see me—a heart broken, ruined man!—Oh that the grave could give up its dead!"

"And did you then really forgive your son?" cried the stranger, in a faltering voice.

"Did I!" exclaimed the old man. "Alas! the hour that told me I was childless called forth too late that suppressed but still existing tide, which pride had quelled, and sorrow vainly bade to flow afresh!"

The stranger turned aside towards the window, and, to the astonishment of Mr Tresilian, made a hasty and pleased signal to some persons in a travelling carriage, which immediately stopped. "I perceived," said he, replying to the amazed look of the old man, for speech seemed denied him, "I perceived the approach of my family, and motioned them to come hither, for which I hope I have your forgiveness?"

"Use your pleasure, sir," replied Mr Tresilian, rather stiffly; you are, or soon will be, master here. Excuse me if I claim only the privacy of my own apartment, for this night at least."

"I would not willingly intrude on it," replied the stranger, quitting the room only to return on the instant, "yet am I most anxious to present to you those to whom your son was not wholly unknown."

"How, sir?"

"You have been deceived—misinformed. Pardon me if I trespass," he continued, leading forward a lady and a youth about sixteen by whom she was supported, and, as it seemed, not needlessly from her great emotion.

But the gaze of the old man was riveted on the countenance of the youth. "I am old and foolish," he exclaimed, "but I could think—oh God! I could think that I looked upon my Hugh? Trifle not with me, sir—Heaven! can I believe my senses!—and you kneel, too!—and lady, whom I could almost think to be she who was once Emma Lee-son!"

"Bless us! bless us, O my father!" cried Hugh Tresilian, for the stranger was indeed the long-lamented son. "We sailed not in the ill-fated ship—we bring you wealth, and oh! much dearer, love, reverence, and duty. Bless your Hugh, your Emma, and this younger Hugh, who, profiting by the errors of his father, shall dry up the tears of that loving grandfather, who looks not I humbly hope on the last of the family."

THE INFLUENCE OF

Mechanical Invention on the Improvement of Mankind.

BY G. C. VERPLANK.

[Continued.]

In visiting our national patent office, and conversing with the officers of the establishment, it becomes a common subject of remark, how prodigious a waste of ingenuity, in various ways, and particularly in mechanical contrivance, takes place annually in this country, from the want of a more general knowledge of the actual state of improvement in the several departments of invention. Hundreds of useful or ingenious machines have been thus reinvented, doubtless with no little loss of that intellectual labor, which, if it had been applied in improving or building upon what was already known, might have opened to society new sources of comfort, of pleasure, or of power.

The advantages of experience and observation on a large scale, are by no means peculiar, to mechanical ingenuity. Indeed, I meant to draw from it simply an example or illustration of a truth common to all the mechanic and manufacturing arts. It is peculiarly true with regard to the chemistry of the arts. It has been remarked by the most successful chemists of our day, that some of the most important manifestations of the laws of chemical action could hardly have been discovered in the course of any of the experiments of the chemical laboratory, however skilful or costly. In order to manifest themselves to observation, they require the action of large masses or quantities together, perhaps that of the elements upon them, or of a considerable lapse of time. In fact, the very foundation of modern chemistry, or at least of that branch of it termed Pneumatic Chemistry, was laid in a brewery. There had been no lack of ingenuity, no sparing of labor or expense, no flagging of zeal or of curiosity, among the old chemists. But the larger and more striking field of observation and combination afforded to Doctor Priestley, by the vats and gasses of his neighbor the brewer, opened a new world to inquiry. From the thick vapors of the brew-house, like one of the gigantic geni of Arabian romance, arose that mighty science which has given to enlightened art a more than magical sway, enabling her to clothe her productions with vivid beauty, to dispense amongst all those fabrics which were once reserved for kings and princes, to chase away disease, and to arm man with a strength such as ancient poets never dreamt of in their wildest tales of heroes, giants, and demigods.

Will it not, then, promise much for the still further and more rapid advancement of knowledge and art, if all those immense processes, combinations, unions, affinities, conversions, formations, decompositions, which are incessantly going on in the brewery, the dye house, the distillery, the manufactory of drugs, paints, metals, glass, porcelain; in short, in all the establishments of refined and ingenious art—I say, to have all these watched, noted, tested, analyzed, applied, separated from whatever may impede their action, or united to whatever may add to it—and this done by men skilled in their particular vocations, and moreover able to call in the aid of science to explain difficulties, or direct observation?

It is wonderful how the elements of the most precious knowledge are spread around us—how to the curious and instructed observer every thing is full and rich with the means of benefiting the human race. The slightest accession to our knowledge of nature, or our command over it, is sure ultimately to connect itself with some other truth, or to unfold its own powers or relations, and thus to lead on to some practicable benefit, which the boldest conjecture could never have anticipated. The ignorant and the idle suffer all such opportunities to pass by them as the vagrant breeze. But such will surely not be the case with industrious men, prepared by general science (as it is the object of this institution to prepare

them) to turn those occasions to the best account. In so saying, I do not speak from hope, or conjecture, or theory, or the desire of stimulating your zeal by flattering words. I argue from experience. I draw my anticipation of what may be, from the actual history of what has been. Let me give you the evidence of this by some few examples selected out of many hundreds. Take, for instance, the history of one of the most recent and precious gifts which chemistry has made to medicine.

A few years ago a soap manufacturer of Paris, M. Courtois, remarked that the residuum of his lie, when exhausted of the alkali, produced a corrosion of his copper boilers, which struck him as deserving special inquiry. "He put it," says Mr Herschell, "into the hands of a scientific chemist for analysis, and the result was the discovery of one of the most singular and important chemical elements, *iodine*. The properties of this, being studied, were found to occur most appositely illustration and support of a variety of new curious, and instructive views then gaining ground in chemistry, and thus exercised a marked influence over the whole body of that science. Curiosity was excited; the origin of the new substance was traced to sea plants, from whose ashes the principal ingredient of soap is obtained, and ultimately to the sea water itself. It was thence hunted through nature, discovered in salt mines and springs, and pursued into all bodies which have a marine origin; among the rest, into sponge. A medical practitioner, (Dr. Coindet, a Swiss physician,) then called to mind a reputed remedy for the cure of one of the most grievous and unsightly disorders to which the human species is subject—the *goitre*,—which infests the inhabitants of mountainous districts to an extent which, in this favored land, we have happily no experience of and which was said to have been cured by the ashes of burnt sponge. Led by this indication, he tried the effect of iodine on that complaint, and the result established the extraordinary fact, that this singular substance, taken as a medicine, acts with the utmost promptitude and energy on goitre, dissipating the largest and most inveterate in a short time, and acting (of course with occasional failures, like all other medicines,) as a specific or natural antagonist against that odious deformity."

Now consider what a mass of human misery, for a long series of generations to come, has been relieved or removed by this discovery, arising from the single circumstance of a Parisian soap manufacturer being an observing man, who understood the uses and nature of chemical analysis. How many human beings, who would have dragged out a wretched existence, deformed, dejected, and miserable, may now lead healthy and happy lives, in consequence of a discovery depending upon a circumstance which would probably never have fallen under the notice of the learned physician, or the mere chemist of the laboratory.*

Let us cross the channel to Great Britain for some further examples, and learn from what has been done there by mechanical, united to scientific skill, what we may reasonably hope to see done among ourselves.

It were idle to waste words in showing how much of the present prosperity, wealth, intelligence, and means of enjoyment, in the civilized world, depends upon the art of navigation—and how much the perfection of that art is connected with the accuracy and advance of astronomy—and, again, how that science depends upon the excellence of its great instrument, the telescope. The telescope, in its earlier stages of invention, had received all the improvement that could then be furnished by the genius of the great Galileo, the father of modern science, and by the superhuman philosophical sagacity of Newton, as well as of their disciples and followers, the most learned and ingenious men of Europe, such as the English Hooke, the Dutch Huyghens, and the German Euler.

The product of these labors was indeed an admirable proof of the power of human invention; yet it was accompanied with imperfections, especially in the refracting tele-

*The still more recent discovery of another elementary chemical substance, *Bromine*, was made under very similar circumstances by a manufacturing chemist of the south of France, M. Belard, whose observations of the processes occurring in his manufacture, led to this curious and valuable accession to chemical science. As, however, its beneficial uses in the economy of nature are not yet developed, it does not present so striking an illustration of the general argument as the discovery of the *iodine*.

scope, that seemed inseparable. Your lecturer, when explaining the doctrines of optics will state to you, more fully and clearly than can now be done, the nature and cause of this difficulty. It is sufficient for my present purpose to say, that from the supposed inherent imperfection of the refractive powers of glass, the images seen by the aid of the telescope were formed very indistinct, and confused, being tinged strongly with the several prismatic colors. The removal of this defect was reserved for John Dollond, originally a silk weaver, and afterwards an optician and instrument maker of London. Half a century after Newton's experiments, Dollond conceived the idea that the refractory powers of different kinds of glass might be made to correct each other. In this he completely succeeded, and by the combination of scientific sagacity with that tact which is the growth of experience alone, at once enriched theoretical philosophy by the discovery of an important optical law, and in his achromatic telescope presented a more perfect and commodious instrument to astronomy. Had he not been familiar with the science of Newton, Dollond would never have attempted the discovery; had he not also been a practical mechanic, it is hardly probable that he would have succeeded.

The incidental mention of the ultimate advantage derived by the art of navigation from the labors of Dollond, suggests to my mind another illustration, and recalls the name of John Smeaton. He was by trade a philosophical instrument maker; but his active mind had taken a broad range of rational curiosity and employment, embracing almost every thing in science or art that could throw light on mechanical contrivance. His inventions of this sort were very numerous and ingenious, but his solid fame rests chiefly upon the erection of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Its site was one of the utmost consequence to the naval and commercial marine of Great Britain, and indeed, of the world. As it was to be placed on a reef of rocks, far from the main land, and exposed to the whole force of the waves of the Atlantic, the building of a durable edifice there had baffled the skill of the ablest architects. At that period, about the middle of the last century, that branch of marine construction which relates to piers, moles, artificial harbors, breakwaters, &c., was far from that scientific development it has since received, and which it, in no small degree, owes to Smeaton himself. The commissioners for rebuilding the lighthouse, aware of the difficulties they had to encounter, reported that this was not an undertaking for a mere architect, however skilful, but required the talent of some one eminent for general mechanical skill and contrivance. Smeaton was selected. His plan was wholly original, having been suggested immediately by the consideration of the means used by nature to give durability to her works, and taking the model of strength and resistance to the elements which she had given in the trunk of the oak.* The execution corresponded with the boldness and perfection of the first conception. There are few narratives of more intense interest or varied instruction than his own account of this great work, which is among my earliest and most vivid recollections of this sort of reading. I will not attempt to mar it by a meagre abstract. It is enough to say that this noble effort of mechanical genius, thus grafted upon and made part of the rocky bottom of the sea, and resisting the immense might of the ocean which it faces, has never been surpassed or improved upon, but has been the model or guide of numerous subsequent works of marine construction of great excellence and unbounded utility.

The ancient Pharaohs of Egypt, in the pride of conquest, or the vain hope of immortality, exhausted the labors of millions of slaves to rear immense pyramids and tall and huge granite obelisks. The imperial Trajan, the most illustrious name of Rome after the loss of her liberties, decorated his Forum with that magnificent column which still bears his own name, and upon which the

sculptor lavished his art, to commemorate the victories of its founder over the Dacian barbarians, as they were called; that is to say, over a race of free and brave men, who had struggled for their liberties against the grasping tyranny of Rome, with a courage and talent worthy of a better fate. Napoleon, whose sublime genius and grand aspirations were yet unhappily alloyed by so great an admixture of the meaner ambition of ordinary kings and conquerors, reared, in his own capital, the lofty brazen column of his victories, cast from artillery won on the bloody fields of Marengo, and Jena, and Austerlitz. Upon that vast bronze, the veteran companions of his glories can behold, in bold relief, the storied images of their campaigns, their exploits, and those of their chief and hero.

But in the eye of sober reason, how poor and how vain are these monuments of pride, of power, of glory, and even of genius, when compared to the solitary sea girt, unadorned Atlantic tower, which perpetuates the name, the talent, and the unambitious labors of John Smeaton! The glories of the conquerors have vanished like the morning mist. Their conquests and their empires have crumbled into dust; but the Eddystone tower stands firm amidst the tempests and the uproar of the ocean; and there, and wherever else its form is imitated and its principles applied, as on our own coasts and on the shores of our western lakes, it throws its broad light across the storm and the gloom, giving safety to the mariner and guiding that commerce which, making the natural riches of every climate the common property of all, is surely destined to bind together the whole family of man in the mutual and willing interchange of art and learning and science and morals and freedom.

I might continue my illustrations from the history of useful science to an extent far beyond the limits that would be proper on this occasion. The names and lives of our own distinguished benefactors of mankind, Franklin, and Rittenhouse and Whitney and Fulton and Perkins, press upon my memory. Again, the history of the watch and the clock from their early invention to the present admirable state of perfection in the astronomical clock and the marine chronometer, as successively improved by men educated in the practical art and able to apply the helps of science, would alone afford the materials for a lecturer.

[To be concluded.]

Original

OUR COUNTRY.

Fifty seven years have passed away in quick succession, and the glorious sun of liberty still sheds the effulgence of its rays upon America; America is still the home of the exile, the asylum of the oppressed. The same star spangled banner, that Washington and Franklin elevated on the portals of our capital, still floats in the air of freedom, untainted by the blood of her citizens. The same eagle, with wings extending to the farthest borders of the earth, commanding power and respect, and, as she flies along the canopy of America, insuring protection to her sons.

How different the present state of our country, from that of the former—when the howling of the wolf, the screech of the panther, and the whoops of the most barbarous savage, were the only music that could cheer the traveler in the forest of the west; but now—the sturdy oak has fallen before the woodsman axe, and in its place are seen thriving cities, and villages, springing up as it were by the magic wand, and the arts and sciences raised almost to the highest degree of perfection. The savage has been taught to bow before his God and acknowledge him as his Creator and rightful sovereign.

Truly our country presents to us a happy prospect. Freed from her oppressors—holding a respectable, yea enviable station among the nations of the earth—education disseminating her happy influence among her sons and daughters—affording the greatest advantages, and producing the most beneficial results. And we consider the time not far distant when another Homer shall arise in our own country, to charm the world and gather everlasting laurels of fame for himself. And another Cicero—the thunderings of whose eloquence “shall strike terror to the hearts of tyrants.” Already has American genius flashed across the Atlantic, and illuminated the eastern world by its brilliant

coruscations and noble developments. The honest love of fame urges onward the youthful mind in the road that leads to honor and exalted eminence—and the rising generation are making rapid strides in intellectual life, and pressing forward in the path that leads to usefulness and honor. Yet oh! my country—although thou seemest to be in circumstances so favorable, yet “oh tell it not in Gath nor publish it in the streets of Ascalon,” upon thy very face are to be seen some dark spots, at which if our beloved Washington were to arise from his tomb, he would be constrained to say, “oh shame where is thy blush,” and all the celestial spirits above would join in the disapprobation.

FLORIO.

Wyoming, Jan. 1834.

FIRE ARMS.—The first missiles of this description appear to have been used by the French troops under Philippe de Valois, in 1330. Within another century they were adopted to so general an extent, that it was no uncommon thing for three or four hundred cannon to be employed at a single siege and as many as four thousand culverins to be brought into play on a single battle field. The Swiss on the famous day of Morat, in 1476, were seconded by no less than ten thousand of these culverins; they were long tubes of copper or wrought iron, weighing from twenty to fifty pounds each, the heaviest being mounted on small moveable carriages, and the lightest suspended in standards. The gradual improvements made in this species of fire arms led at last to the use of the existing musket. The men, who were armed with arquebuses or muskets, for a long time did not act in any other capacity than as light troops; it was their duty to spread themselves along the front and flanks of the corps attacked, and clear the advance of their own party. In fact, their service was analogous to that of our present rifle men; they were called *enfants perdus*, from which expression our own term, “forlorn hope,” is evidently derived. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, several important innovations were made in the construction of fire arms. Guns with flints, such as are now in use, are said to have been invented in 1630, and were first given to the troops in the year 1680. The bayonet with a solid socket, which was fixed into the mouth of the barrel, was produced in 1671; but in another thirty years we find it made with a hollow socket and grooved blade as is the practice to the present day. Pikes were not got rid of, nor were the musket and bayonet universally introduced in the French army until the year 1703, when Vauban's genius was more potent with Louis the Fourteenth, than all the remonstrances of Marshal Montesquieu, and a whole phalanx of the old school of military tacticians.

ANECDOTE OF MRS CLARKE.—Among other things she mentioned, that George the third made a rich present of jewels to the Princess of Wales, which Randall and Bridge sent to the house one Saturday for the Duke of York to take to Windsor. This was a temptation she could not resist. Accordingly, she decked herself out in the Royal gems, and went that night with them to the Opera. Next morning, his Royal Highness delivered them to the king at Windsor.

MAN SUPERIOR IN TOUCH.—We find every organ of sense, with the exception of that of touch, more perfect in brutes than in man. In the eagle and the hawk, in the gazelle and in the feline tribe, the perfection of the eye is admirable. In the dog, wolf, hyæna, as in the birds of prey, the sense of smelling is inconceivably acute; and if we should have some hesitation in assigning a more exquisite sense of taste to brutes, we cannot doubt the superiority of that of hearing in the inferior animals. But in the sense of touch, seated in the hands, man claims the superiority.

A LIFE OF ELLIOT.—A Cohasset gentleman, who lives on the very ground where the venerable Apostle of the Indians founded his first church for the red men, has been for some time collecting materials for a complete life of this distinguished philanthropist.

Mr Nathaniel Ames, known as the author of a “Mariner's Sketches,” and “Nautical Reminiscences,” is about publishing a work, entitled “Forecastle Yarns.”

TABLE TALK.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Never to a human being—never even to myself was I able to utter my wild passionate love. Every other feeling and affection, in romantic intensity of delight, sinks before it. It was an oasis—an isle of the blest in the desert of my existence—the very faryland of bliss—the ultima thule of hope! And now what thinks she of me? as a stranger—perhaps a hated one! The great billows of event have rolled between us—the vast gulf of hopelessness has sundered us forever—and, in time, there can nevermore be any communion between our blighted hearts!

LITERARY PERSONS.—Bulwer and captain Stanhope are in Paris; Wordsworth and Southey in Westmoreland; Lord Normanby (Earl Mulgrave) in Jamaica; Mrs Norton in Broadstairs; Mrs Hemans in Wales; Mrs Mitford in Reading; Wilson Croker in Geneva; Telesforo de Trueba in the Isle of Wight; Professor Wilson in Edinburgh; Coleridge and Lamb in Highgate; Lady Morgan and Dr Bowring in Brussels; Miss Edgeworth somewhere (Edgeworthstown) in Ireland; Captain Marryat, Captain Chamier and Lord F. L. Gower in Paris; Danlop in Canada; Miss Bowles in Ryde; Miss Roberts in Calcutta; Haynes Bayley and Banim in Boulogne.

CATHEDRALS.—The cathedrals of England are known to be the pride of the inhabitants of the towns in which they are situated, but if men inquire when these extraordinary specimens of architectural skill, rivaling in their execution, and surpassing in sublimity, the proudest structures of Athens and Rome, were erected, what would be their astonishment, had they not previously ascertained the fact, on being told in reply, that “they were built during the dark ages!” When but few even of the clergy could read, and scarcely any of them could write their own names; when nobles lay upon straw, and thought a fresh supply of it clean in their chamber once a week, a great luxury; when monarchs usually travelled on horseback, and, when they met, wrestled with each other, for the amusement of their courtiers; then it was those architects whose names have not reached us, and whose manners and course of instruction are merely conjectured, raised buildings almost to the clouds, with stones, most of which they might have carried under their arms. Rude men, untaught by science, applied the principles of accretion, of thrust, and of pressure, to an extent that would have made Wren and Jones tremble,—men ignorant of metaphysical theories, so blended, forms and magnitude, light and shade, as to produce an appearance of real sublimity,—men who lived in the grossest superstition, erected temples for the worship of God, which seem as if intended to rival in durability the earth on which they stand; and which, after the lapse of several ages, are still unequalled, not only in point of magnificence of structure, but in their tendency to dilate the mind, and to leave upon the soul the most deep and solemn impression.

AGES OF SOVEREIGNS IN EUROPE.—The following list shows the age of all the Sovereigns of Europe:—Charles John, king of Sweden, 69 years; William IV. king of England, 69 years; Pope Gregory IV. 63; Francis I. Emperor of Austria, 66; Frederick IV. king of Denmark, 65; Frederick William, king of Prussia, 63; William, king of Holland, 61; Louis Philip, king of the French 60; William, king of Wurtemberg, 52; Mahmoud II. Emperor of Turkey, 48; Louis, king of Bavaria, 47; Leopold I. king of the Belgians, 42; Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, 37; Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, 35; Ferdinand II. king of Sicily, 23; Maria II. queen of Portugal, 14; Maria Isabella Louis queen of Spain, 3 years.

COLLEGE PERIODICALS.—Almost every college in the union has given birth to its magazine. From Union college, we have the Partheon, well printed, edited and filled with articles of considerable force, though often too ambitious in their subjects. From Hartford college comes the Hermethan; from Williams, the Collegian's magazine, which promises to be highly spirited. The Literary Journal, edited by an ornament of our alma mater, may be considered the organ of Brown University; and Yale and Middlebury colleges, too, have their literary works. May intellect, honor and patronage wait upon them all!

*The building, says one of Smeaton's biographers, is “modelled on the trunk of an oak, which spreads out in a sweeping curve near the roots, so as to give breadth and strength to its base, diminishes as it rises, and then again swells out as it approaches to the bushy head, to give room for the strong insertion of the principal boughs. These boughs are represented by a broad curved solid stone cornice, the effect of which is to throw off the heavy seas, which, when thus suddenly checked, fly up, as is said by eye witnesses, fifty or a hundred feet above the top of the building, and are thus prevented striking and injuring the lantern containing the lights, though for the moment enclosing it all around.”

THE WEST.—In various original and romantic displays of character, seldom has a land been more fruitful than this western wilderness; our annals are remarkably full of incidents and events possessing deep dramatic interest, and oftentimes leading to most momentous results. If we look back a century and a half, we behold Canadian adventurers, led on by an eager spirit of curiosity and gain, and missionaries, conducted by the hand of religion over the great northern lakes, and through the forests of Illinois, planting their standard, and fixing their home upon the solitary shores of the Mississippi. The brief and imperfect chronicles which have descended to us from those remote periods, abound in scenes of novelty, perilous adventure, pious sacrifices, and curious manifestations of character. They disclose how wonderful was the mastery of a proverbially mercurial people over the stern and ice bound savage; how gaily they mingled in their wild and fearful sports; how thoroughly they understood the springs of Indian action; and how dexterously they availed themselves of their superior knowledge. We are all aware with what mournful garrulity the lean and slipped relic of those primeval settlers, dwells upon the golden era of the French regime. In his enthusiastic imagination, it was an Arcadia of simplicity and bliss. No government with its vile machinery of jails and court houses, of sheriffs and lawyers, then bound free spirits in its iron chains; and no tax gatherer thrust his importunate hand into the purses of well meaning citizens, to obtain wherewithal to execute the new fangled projects of modern ingenuity. However exaggerated may be these eulogies of times now no more, it is sufficient for our end to know, that strange and fantastical peculiarities grew up beneath both the French and Spanish regime. There were the contrasts between the haughty, plumed hidalgo; the loquacious, flexible Canadian, and the unbending, voiceless "children of the leaves." The foreign intruders were soon characterized by new traits. Far removed from the despotism which had ruled them at home, they rioted in the luxury of free, unbounded action. Too often was the rein flung upon the neck of capricious passions, and their freedom sometimes degenerated into a stormy licentiousness which has left dark and enduring stains upon their memory. Yet were there striking singularities in their manners and habits of life, and attractive as well as repulsive features shining forth in their wild career, which render them not the least interesting of those who have strutted their brief hour and passed away forever from these western shores.

It is not necessary, however, to extend our view back beyond the comparatively short period of seventy years. From the moment when the first adventurous hunters ascended the Alleghenies, and from their lofty summit surveyed the beauty and magnificence of this western world, our annals are crowded with events of an all absorbing interest, furnishing opportunities for the most ample development of intellectual, moral, and physical energies, while they have given birth to impulses that are destined to exert an influence for ages. Connected with the original settlement of these wilds, there is much to arouse our deepest sympathies, much to excite and keep alive our highest admiration. At this point we pause. Glancing an eye around, we behold a scene of solemn grandeur, beauty, and solitude. Forests of surpassing verdure expand far beyond the reach of vision; their monarchs raising their high crests into the heavens, and tossing their gigantic limbs in every gale.—Through them streams, a thousand leagues in length, roll, as they have rolled for centuries, their melancholy waters to the sea. The footsteps of civilization have never been imprinted on the bosom of this soil. The hand of industry has never erected here the monuments of social and domestic life. The voice of intelligent, cultivated, christianized man has never been heard along these shores. The scream of the panther and the roar of the bison might mingle at times with the wild shouts of savage exultation, and be echoed and reechoed among the hills. Here was nature clothed in virgin majesty.—Such had she been for ages. Such was she when she sprang from the hand of her creator.

This was the region into which, a little more than three score years ago, a few hunters from the Atlantic states first penetrated,

their imaginations kindled into enthusiasm by the glory of the surrounding scene, and their steps sustained by an intrepidity that never quailed. Here commences an era among the most memorable in the history of our country. Now is the simple, and may we not say, romantic beginning of that series of events whose tendencies are rapidly unfolding to the world, and whose magnificent results are destined to exist and increase throughout coming time. We know not where are themes more worthy the highest efforts of the pencil and the pen, than those presented in the incidents, expeditions, and displays of character which distinguished these early periods. We know not if there be within the wide limits of our land, a theatre upon which more solemn, thrilling tragedies have been enacted, than on the spot once known by the appellation of 'the dark and bloody ground;' and seldom have the sublime qualities of perseverance in most disastrous chances; fortitude under bereavements and torture; self possession in appalling crises, and of courage in battling with a ruthless foe, shone forth more brightly than among the actors in those fearful scenes.

The situation in which the first emigrants found themselves was extraordinary. Their feeling and character were acted upon by new and peculiar influences. Concealed energies were brought into action. An unusual vigor was imparted to their physical and intellectual natures. A determination was given to their conduct and tempers which strongly distinguished them. If it be inquired what were their predominant traits, we answer, that they possessed in an eminent degree the elements upon which education is designed to operate; those strong and original virtues which constitute the basis of efficient character. They were abundantly gifted with patience, perseverance, frankness, generosity, a dauntless heroism and an enthusiastic love of liberty. These are the qualities which were developed, amplified, and brought to maturity by peculiar agencies, existing only in the wilderness. Their power is visible in the mighty revolutions which they have wrought; in the new world which within the period of fifty years has sprung into being. Their traces are still legible in the manners of their descendants, and are impressed upon the customs and constitutions prevailing at the present day. —*West. Month. Mag.*

THE HUNTER.—Among the early emigrants to the west, whose original features attract and fix attention, we think that the Hunter is entitled to a conspicuous place.—The profession which he adopted; and the world in which he lived, were full of charms to his captivated fancy. There was the valley of flowers to gladden his eye. There was the woodland melody to enchant his ear. There were the fountains of chrysal waters to quench his thirst, and the delicious banquet of the chase to regale his appetite.—There were his companions, his rifle, and his hounds, to keep alive his warm affections, while above and around him was an ever present sublimity to fill his soul with awe.—Even the extremest toils and perils were cheerfully encountered; for while they gave an astonishing acuteness to the senses, and imparted vigor and elasticity to the frame, they stirred up tumultuous feelings, and called into exercise, to render perfect, his powers of invention. Contemning the forms and trammels of regulated society, he clothes himself in picturesque costume, and bounding over the hills and along the valleys, he

"Would not his unbounded free condition
Put into circumspection and confine
For the sea's worth."

Far removed, for long periods of time, from any human intercourse, he converses with the echoes of the forest, or communes in silence with his Maker and the divinity that dwells within. He is happy in the solitude of the deep woods, and rejoices in the ampleness of his undisputed range. But the tide of emigration swells, and roars, and sweeps onward. He hears the axe of industry, and sees the smoke from the intruder's dwelling overshadowing his fair hunting grounds.—The buffalo and the deer have already taken their flight. Gazing for a moment at the encroachments of civilization, he turns his face towards the setting sun, and uttering a malediction upon the hand that so ruthlessly wars with nature's peace, he plunges again into the far depths of the wilderness, that he may roam unmolested in his own appropriate

home. This is a portrait from real life, tinged though it may be with the softest hues of poetry and romance. Of the thousands who abandoned the refinements of cultivated society for the wild charms of a Huntman's life, perhaps the most illustrious model may be found in the far famed Patriarch of Kentucky.—*Id.*

THE PIONEERS.—Less romantic, though not less interesting, are the character and fortunes of those, who, with their wives and children, and implements of husbandry, first crossed the mountains, and braving danger and death, deposited as it were, their household gods on the bosom of the savage wilderness. They may emphatically be denominated the Fathers of the West.—They are properly the renowned Pioneers, whose names are on every tongue, and whose deeds we would have perpetuated through every age. Their industry first awoke the long slumbers of the forest, letting in the sun upon its gloom, and making it to smile as a garden. It was their intelligence which laid broad and deep their foundations of an enduring empire. It is in their energy, privations, and bloodshed that we may discover the germ of those great blessings which have sprung up to gladden the hearts and to enrich the understanding of millions.

The various circumstances connected with the settlement of a new country, are never devoid of interest. Whoever reflects upon the unrelenting ferocity of Indian hostilities; the extremes of hope and fear that so long agitated the emigrants; the exceeding beauty of the scenes in which their solitary labors were commenced; and the grand results that have followed so immediately in the train of their simple beginnings; must acknowledge, that the early settlement of this region, distinguished by features that have peculiar claims upon attention. Reposing beneath the vines and fig tree, which were planted by the enterprise, and watered by the blood of the Pioneer, we have but faint conceptions of the hazards and sufferings through which he was compelled to pass.—We may see him engaged in the peaceful occupation of the husbandman, yet armed at every point, for defensive conflict.—We may read how very sudden was the transition from the domestic hearth to the murderous battle field. Yet how little do we know of the anguish that rent his bosom, when returning from his labors, he beheld his dwelling wreathed in flames, and his wife falling with her children beneath the tomahawk and scalping knife. Although a great portion of his time was spent amidst peril and slaughter, still he had his moments of enthusiastic enjoyment. In the past, was the recollection of victories won, and of tremendous obstacles subdued. In the present, was the delicious sense of healthful existence, enjoyed in freedom among the fairest works of creation. In the future, was the dim vision of a glory whose similitude no eye had seen, and no imagination conceived. Nor was he altogether removed from gentle and holy influences. Here was woman's love stronger than death, and her heroic fortitude which no calamities could bow down. The kind affections over which time cannot triumph, which bloom under every sky, and grow in freshness and vigor, when all things else decay, were often manifested in a strength and delicacy, that well proclaimed their celestial origin. Instances abound among the tempestuous scenes of border warfare, in which the female character burst forth in forms equally novel, romantic, and attractive. Here also was the devoted missionary of the cross, with his consoling voice cheering his people with glimpses of an eternal beauty, and pointing the vengeful sons of the forest to that equal sky, into which the distinctions of this world never enter, and where oppressor and oppressed are never known. We have ever regarded this character with unusual interest. In his heroic sacrifice of self, that his Master's temple might be built up in the hearts of stern and savage men, shines forth a spirit as beautiful as it is sublime.—*Id.*

THE BOATMEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—It may not be improper to suggest another class of character, which, though it was created by temporary circumstances, and at this day has almost ceased to exist, is remarkably distinguished by original features. We allude to that which is expressed by the simple and familiar appellation 'the boatmen

of the Mississippi.' Their existence began with the introduction of commerce upon the western rivers. It continued until the great era, when the steam engine began to supplant every other boat propelling agent, at which period they numbered several thousands. As is well known, they constituted a race by themselves. From the communities around them, they were separated by broad distinctions. Their singular employment; their almost total exemption from the restraints that prevail in civil life; the frequent hazards which it was their fortune to encounter; and the splendid scenery, in the bosom of which their brief lives were spent, all combined to mould a character of bold and romantic originality. They were original in their tastes, as indicated by costume and amusements. They were original in their views of justice, as made manifest by their sovereign contempt of law and its professors. They were original in their general habits of thinking, as well as in the strange and idiomatic phraseology which served as a vehicle for their thoughts. Their life was an alternation from extreme hardships to extreme toil. From the former they were aroused by sounds of music, or the shouts of an affray in which it was their glory to participate. From the latter, whose severity warred upon the physical powers, they were relieved by an early death. When living, they were recognized by their lordly tone and bold swaggering air; their graves may here and there be seen dotting the shores of the Ohio and the Mississippi.—*Id.*

THE ABORIGINES.—We are not among the eulogists of savage character and life.—We know that their fancied happiness is all a dream. Nor are we moved to shed sentimental tears over the graves of their departed power, or to mourn that those who still linger amongst us are fast fulfilling a destiny over which man has no control. Yet we cannot contemplate them with indifference. To us they have ever appeared an extraordinary people. True portraits of their character and modes of existence, possess attractive as well as grand and commanding features. Even those which, to the eye of christianity are most forbidding, often have a wild and original charm that commends them to every observer of mankind. Invincible love of independence; filial and profound veneration for age; affectionate remembrance of the dead; a solemn sense of the omnipotence of the Great Spirit; a fortitude that impassionately brooks the extremes of good and ill; a fearlessness that laughs in the very face of danger; friendships and gratitude, over which years have no influence;—these were the magnanimous qualities, and these were deeply impressed upon the pilgrims of the wild. On the other hand, their terrible, unforgiving, unforgetting vengeance; their cruel and often abject superstitions; the severe and chilling gravity of their deportment; their contempt of sympathy with external nature; may exhibit them in a less amiable aspect. Yet it must be acknowledged that these traits lose much of their repulsiveness, when associated, as they usually were, with the burning recollection of imagined wrongs; the vigorous and exciting action of the chase; the ingeniously devised schemes of artful minds; and with displays of bold, impassioned, and figurative eloquence.

However strange the lights, and deep the shades of Indian character, when transferred to the canvass with truth and spirit, they reveal in

"This stoic of the woods, this man without a tear;" one of those mysterious beings whom the genius of romance may justly regard as created for her own especial use. It is the passions, the affections, the capacities, the likes and dislikes; in short, all that goes to constitute the mind, the character of the Indian, which we hold to be worthy of delineation. In our view these are the supreme objects of interest. Original and masterly exhibitions of the spiritual elements of man, are ever contemplated with pleasure. We wish to know how they are modified by solitude, scenery, peculiar customs and occupations. The knowledge is gratifying, inasmuch as it imparts an amplitude to our conceptions of human nature, and awakens within our own bosoms, feelings and capacities of which we had never dreamed.

The Western muse will in this theme find exhaustless materials for her fairy creations. We trust that she will rejoice to take the abused child of the forest into her gentle

keeping, and to embalm his traits and melancholy destinies in immortal song. To her vision he will seldom appear in the debasement to which an inhuman avarice has subjected him. She will go back to the brighter periods of his history. She will there behold in him the monarch of a thousand hills, rejoicing in the greatness of his strength, and free as the chainless winds. She will exhibit him erect and thoughtful amidst the glorious beauty to whose inheritance he was born. She will see him now voiceless before the dignity of age; now kindling the ambition of a thousand warriors by his impetuous and fervid eloquence; now falling in deadly conflict with a foe, yet happy that his spirit is soon to join those of departed Braves in the flowery prairies and plementous hunting grounds of another world. Whether dashing through solitudes in pursuit of game, or sporting in his light canoe upon the bosom of his native lakes, or casting his proudest trophies at the feet of her in whom are garnered up his gentle affections, or silently worshipping the Great Spirit amidst lightnings and storms, he is always romantic, always poetical. Around him, in his declining fortunes, gathers tenderer interest. He has been borne down by events whose onward march was resistless. The council fires are no longer lit up in their wonted places. The graves of mighty chieftains are trampled beneath foreign footsteps, and powerful nations have passed away as the trace of a cloud. Remnants of others have retreated to the west.—Despair at times, has prompted them to raise an arm against the physical and political agencies that were working their doom. Their faintest efforts have but revealed to them the hopeless truth of departed power. They are the convulsive struggles of the giant, whom for ages the conqueror has been chaining to the earth. A few more years, and darkness and silence will close around them forever.—*lb.*

WRITERS SHOULD BE MEN OF PRINCIPLE.—Reading constitutes the prominent amusement of the vast population scattered over our wide union. The reading and the writing portions of this mass, act and react on each other; each exerts a powerful influence on the other. The writer wields a direct power upon public sentiment; but the readers constitute an immense majority, and support the writer, whose obvious interest is to please them, and who is therefore under great temptation to bend to popular opinion. Writers, therefore, should be men of principle, independent thinkers, and men, if possible, who have no ulterior views to seduce them into abject flattery of popular error or fashionable vice.—*lb.*

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LETTERS.—We learn from the North American Magazine, that the committee appointed to prepare an address to the public, setting forth the designs and objects of the American Institute of Letters, respectfully beg leave to state:

That they have long viewed with sincere regret the unqualified vassalage of public opinion to European tastes in matters of literature, a circumstance which has greatly led to the depreciation of American genius and American talent:

That as the offspring of a nation celebrated for its love of letters and its liberal patronage of the arts and sciences, we have, as a nation, with a more than filial devotion, read, admired, and approved, the thousands and tens of thousands of volumes which have emanated from Europe, as if every foreign production were necessarily the sublime achievement of genius or the maximum of human wisdom: and while they cannot but sincerely admire and approve, as individuals, the cosmopolitan spirit of liberality which should ever distinguish 'the Republic of Letters,' they cannot but deeply regret, that in throwing off our political allegiance, we did not, at the same time, throw off that unlimited and antirepublican obedience to foreign dictation in all affairs of literature which has so long and generally prevailed.

That they are entirely satisfied, from a mature and careful consideration of the subject, that although abundant evidence has been already furnished of the power of American genius and talent, its achievements, nevertheless, have been neither so brilliant nor so lofty, as they might or would have been, had not a blind subservience to a foreign standard of taste banefully operated to prevent the proper degree of encouragement being extended to our native writers.

That deeply impressed with a conviction of this important truth, the members of the Institute resolved to form a National Society of Letters, believing that a reciprocal interchange of feelings and opinions among the members of the literary profession, widely scattered through-

out the vast extent of our territory, would be productive of the most salutary results; not only in breaking the chains which have so long held in subjection the genius and talent of their country, but in giving such an impulse to both as would place us in proud and lofty competition with the most celebrated achievements of European intellect. That, well aware nothing tends to promote and extend intellectual exertion, as a proper and adequate reward. They believe that all that is necessary to place the literary honor of the nation on the sublime pinnacle for which she was evidently intended, as if the grandeur of her physical proportions were the prophetic emblem of her future gigantic intellectual grandeur, is to dissolve the slavery of opinion that cherishes as superior every thing that is foreign, and regards as inferior, all which is the production of native genius.

That many writers of our country, whom nature has largely gifted with intellectual endowments of the highest order, have been permitted to pine unnoticed and unhonored in obscurity, who, if their works had been properly appreciated, would have continued in the field of literary toil, from which they were compelled to recede by poverty and neglect; and who, with a proper appreciation of their claims, would have furnished such accessions to the literature of the country, as would have contributed largely to their own fame and their nation's honor. That they regard with feelings of pain and mortification, the discouraging fact, that while the manual arts are patronized with so liberal a hand, so small a share of encouragement should have been extended to native writers, in consequence of a subservience to a foreign taste; and with two or three instances of exception do but prove the truth of the general rule it is certain, that in these few instances, the nation neither admired nor encouraged until called on to do so by the reechoing voice of praise, emanating from foreign reviewers and mercenary journalists: thus attesting the deeply humiliating fact, that we have no such thing among us as a national literature, and that to transatlantic critics we look for our taste, and to foreign writers for our reading matter.

That as Americans, jealous of their national honor, as freemen proud of their national honor, as natives proud of their birth place, and as citizens revering the republican institutions of their country, animated with the sincere desire to behold the day arrive, when our own writers shall be appreciated and adequately rewarded, they have associated to accelerate the impulse which has already been commenced, assured that the time is past, when it was tauntingly said "who reads an American book?"

That while they are not unconscious that genius is, from its very nature an isolation, moving in the orbit of its own abstraction, and can not from causes uncontrollable by human agency, move embodied; they can not cease to recollect, that its possessors, by reason of the constant effort of the mind, and the intensity of feeling involved in the prosecution of literary labors, are subject to many and various infirmities, from which the man of active physical labor is exempt—and also that the pursuits of literature, from the most satisfactory evidences, tend greatly to abridge the usual period of mortal existence.

That from the consideration of the case, it has to them appeared desirable, that a fund should be created to cheer the declining days of those who have worn themselves out in toiling at the desk, to advance the interests of the great human family, as well as to relieve the widows and children of such as may not have achieved a competency in the pursuit of letters.

That, relying on the well known liberal and patriotic spirit of our fellow citizens, and believing our cause is emphatically the cause of the nation, both immediately and remotely interested in anxious endeavors; we look with confidence to the smiles of its approbation in our efforts to establish a national and independent literature, and to elevate the literary genius of our countrymen.

They believe that such a change has been commenced, which, to insure success to the cause, only requires to be prosecuted: that the day is not far distant when the genius of America, like her own cherished emblem, the eagle, will soar triumphantly through the fairy fields of imagination, bask in the sun shine of its own beautiful elysium, and dwell in the peace, the beauty, & the light of its own enduring creations.

THE LAST CHIEF OF THE SCAGHTICOOKS.—Of the many powerful warlike Indian tribes, that formerly dwelt on the soil New England, few comparatively now remain. They have gradually melted away before the increasing light of civilization and refinement, and the few that linger among us, listless, dissipated, and spirit broken, wandering like ghosts among the sepulchers of their fathers, scarce seem as descendants of those proud and valiant warriors, whose fierce attacks and wily designs, called into exercise all the wisdom and sagacity of our ancestors. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that there are in Connecticut any descendants of the Aborigines of this country, save the Mohegans near Norwich, whose lands are preserved to

them by the state government, in consideration of important services rendered by them in an early and disastrous period of Connecticut history. But there are now, in the town of K——, in Litchfield county, a few Indian families, the sorry remains of a once powerful tribe, whose numbers, as well as their character for sagacity and bravery, had extended their influence to a great distance around, and owed into subjection those in their immediate neighborhood. Their village—for so it might formerly have been called—was situated on a large plain of two or three miles in length, and one in breadth, divided by a river that rolled silently and peacefully through it, and almost entirely surrounded by high hills, which on the north and west rise abruptly and loftily, presenting to the view steep precipices of naked rocks, bared and blackened by the tempests of ages. Immediately beneath these overhanging cliffs, and at the very foot of the mountain, the traveler will observe the blue smoke curling up from some half dozen huts, the wretched abodes of the still more wretched remnants of the Scaghticook tribe. Or, perchance, as he passes along, he will hear the joyous cries of the Indian children, engaged in their sports, who, unaffected by the evils incident to poverty, and unconscious of the miseries that await them in life, shout and sing in all the wildness of unrestrained freedom. Such, at least, was the case when I recently passed along the road leading by their miserable habitations. Having previously heard much of the former history of this tribe, I was gratified to find, in an intelligent companion of my ride, a person both willing and well qualified to give me a fuller account of it. From his relation I learned, that the Scaghticooks had been almost uniformly friendly to the whites, and had indeed rendered them such assistance on particular occasions, as should have ensured for them protection from the injuries to which the poor Indian is invariably exposed, in his transactions with the whites. But the rapacity of unprincipled and avaricious men, and the hatred of the first settlers towards the Indians, often considered by them as heathenish dogs, whom to slay would be doing God service, would have rendered futile any attempt made by generous individuals, for the preservation of the red man's rights. The missionary might labor for the amelioration of his condition, but it would be in vain, so long as rum and whiskey were furnished him by the trader and the speculator. There was, indeed, at one time, a church established among this tribe, and apparently in a flourishing condition; but while a few were induced to lead regular and christian like lives, the great mass, yielded to the evil propensities of their ignorant and deluded race, became the ready dupes of those who gratified their appetites, and thus hastened their passage to the grave. Not many years had elapsed after the first settlement of the whites among them, and already their hunting grounds, once so ample, were contracted to narrow limits, and a cession had been made of a large tract of the plain on which was situated their village. Nor was this all. The warlike spirit of the tribe was gone, and the recital of the noble deeds and glorious achievements of their ancestors, had ceased to enkindle that enthusiasm in the breasts of their young men, which on such occasions they were accustomed to feel, before they had become effeminated and degraded by the corrupting vices introduced by the whites. Their numbers too, were sadly diminished; and in place of the crowds that formerly collected at the call of their chief around their council fires, there was but here and there a solitary warrior, and these too, listless and disheartened.

But at this period of their history, there arose among this unhappy race, one who did but fair to bring about a reformation among this people, and to save them, for a period at least, from destruction. John M——, for such was his christian name, was the last chief of the Scaghticooks. He was one who deserved to have lived in more fortunate times; a savage possessing independence, fearlessness and love of freedom, equal to the most renowned of his progenitors. He saw the mournful condition of his tribe, he was sensible of the causes that produced it, and was determined to remove them. To effect the removal of the traders, the destroyers of his people, was not in his power, for the whites had become quite numerous in his vicinity, and besides, many of his people had become so strongly attached to the use of 'strong waters,' that they would not live without them. To guard against imposition therefore, in trading with the whites, he appointed a certain number from among the sagest and most experienced of his tribe, whose business it should be to make purchases and transact business with particular traders, at a certain place within the village. It was furthermore declared to be penal for any other member of the tribe, to make purchases of any trader, on any terms whatever. These salutary regulations of John were by no means rigidly complied with by his people. Though they feared and respected him, yet their appetites were often too ungovernable to admit of inviolable obedience. John soon found, that notwithstanding the strictness, and apparent wisdom of his laws, they were often disregarded. Excited and angered by the stubbornness of his

refractory subjects, he determined to make an example of the first one he should detect in the act of disregarding his requisitions. Nor did he wait long for an opportunity to perform his resolution. A young Indian, notorious for his intemperance, he one day discovered in the very act of bargaining for whiskey with a trader. Enraged by this disobedience, and by such a person, he drew his knife, and by a single thrust laid the criminal dead at his feet. The neighboring whites, who had long manifested a disposition to extend their laws over the Indians, neglected not the favorable occasion now presented of accomplishing their designs, and possibly of breaking up the tribe by destroying their chief and leader. John, unconscious of his danger, was therefore seized, carried before one of the provincial courts, and tried on an indictment for murder. In vain did he declare that he was amenable to none but those of his own people, for having taken premature punishment upon a criminal. He was declared to be guilty, and sentenced to be hung. The usual time allotted him for making preparation for his approaching end, was employed by John in making preparations of a far different nature. These were to escape; and although they were many and ingenious, they were successively baffled by the sagacity of his keeper. A week only intervened between him and the period appointed for his execution, when having received such things as might assist him in his endeavors, from a young squaw to whom he was previously much attached, and who had contrived without discovery to make frequent visits to his prison window, he succeeded in regaining his freedom. Great was the consternation when it was known that he had escaped. The most rigorous measures were taken for his discovery and apprehension. The Indian village was thoroughly searched, the hills and forests were scoured by parties despatched expressly for his detection; and men were sent about the mountains, under the pretence of hunting, but in reality as spies, for several days in succession—but all in vain—no trace of him was discovered.

It happened, however, several weeks afterwards, that a party of hunters out among the hills, saw at a distance a young squaw with a basket of provisions in her hand, cautiously wending her way towards a cleft in one of the steepest of the cliffs, of which we have already spoken as overhanging the Indian village. Unobserved themselves, they watched her motions and discovered the secret of her toilsome walk. She was the one who had assisted John in his escape, and she had now entered the secret avenue which led to the place of his concealment.

Their discovery was soon made known, and the morrow saw a band of twenty stout and active men, with arms in their hands, on their way to surprise the fugitive. He, unconscious of his danger, had just emerged from his retreat, and was warily climbing the large platform of rock that surmounted the precipice, when his enemies came up directly in front of him. His first impulse was to retreat to his cave, but this could not be done without caution in the descent, in attempting which he would unavoidably be taken prisoner. Determined never again to be manacled and deprived of the pure air of heaven, he rushed towards the precipice, when one of the band, a trader with whom he was well acquainted, called to him, demanding a parly. The trader came out singly from the rest of his companions; when the chief, stopping within a few feet of the dizzy edge, forbade his nearer approach. The trader, who was already near, stopped; but endeavored to entice the Indian to meet him, by earnest assurances that they would not put him to death, nor injure him.

'Tis false,' cried the savage, 'I know what you wish. You would chain and fetter me like a wild beast, and then hang me like a dog. Look! all the plain that lies below, and the blue hills that we see around us, were my forefathers—and they are mine. True, you dwell on them, but you acquired them by force and by fraud. You have destroyed the lives of my people, and injured me sufficiently already. Sooner than submit again to your chains, I will cast myself headlong from this precipice. I say then—leave me!'

While the chief was uttering these words, the trader had gradually approached, and by a desperate leap got so near as to grasp him by the arm, with the intention of holding him, until his companions should approach to his assistance. But though a powerful man, he had mistaken the strength of the savage. With the agility, and almost with the ferocity of the tiger, the chief grasped his foe, and by one bound cleared the lofty precipice. A shriek of horror arose from the stout hearted men behind who rushed hastily to the edge of the cliff, but before they had arrived there, the bodies of both the unhappy men had struck upon the rocks at the base below, bloody, mangled, and almost shapeless.—*Hermethenau.*

Each of Captain Ross's sailors is to receive \$1000 for his services.

Don Pedro has caused 137 Miguelite soldiers to be shot for their cruelty!

General Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.—An attempt was recently made, to force an entrance into the dry goods store of Mr Shriver, in Hanover Penn. by boring a hole in the shutter so as to admit of the introduction of the hand to remove the bolt. A clerk, who slept in the store hearing a noise, got up and loaded a gun, and at the moment the robber had succeeded in making room for his hand, and was about to draw the bolt, the clerk discharged his gun at the opening. The discharge, it appears, was made with fatal aim. On examination shortly after, the lifeless body of a man was found outside immediately under the window. He had a wound in the head, which it was evident, must have caused instant death. The deceased was an entire stranger, known to none of the inhabitants. Mr King, the clerk, immediately surrendered himself to the civil authorities. And the court being then in session at York, he was carried there for trial. He was tried at once, on an indictment for man slaughter, and acquitted.

SALT.—The superintendent of the salt works has made his annual report:—

Manufactured at Salina,	955,568 bushels.
do at Liverpool,	324,434 do
do at Syracuse,	318,746 do
do at Geddes,	239,896 do
	1,838,646
The whole amount of duties,	3,674,49
Expenses,	2,879,27
	\$6,795,22.

MR BURDEN'S BOAT.—A company formed at Albany is said to have purchased of Mr Burden his newly invented steamboat, with the exclusive right of navigating with it the waters of the Hudson, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Another new steamboat has been projected by Mr Barnabas Langdon, of West Troy, which is said to combine every advantage of Mr Burden's and some which that invention did not possess. The model is for a double boat—each hull three hundred feet long, and twelve feet beam, and corresponding in shape and mould almost precisely to the Indian bark canoe. Beams pass across both boats, to secure them firmly, and at the same time form a deck the whole extent. —N. Y. Com.

"A FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION."—The Lawrenceburg (Indiana) papers give an account of a swindler who has been gulling the inhabitants of that place in a laughable manner. He stopped at one of the hotels, and represented himself as the partner of a rich house in Wheeling, and that the object of his visit was to conclude contracts for a very large amount of pork. The bait took well, and he was loaded with attentions and 'facilities' by the dons of the place. He concluded his performance by borrowing a gold watch, and a horse to ride into the country, since which he has not been heard from—and it is strongly suspected that he has not been able to close a contract for pork to his mind.

TRADE OF THE WEST.—The Nashville Banner of the 4th instant, contains the following:—
Steamboat Randolph.—On Monday last, the new and splendid steamboat Randolph, (we hate the word steamer, it reminds us of a certain profession) left the mouth of Cumberland, for New Orleans, with the largest cargo of cotton perhaps ever before shipped on board of one vessel. She had on board (no part of it in tow) 1295 bales of cotton, 75 heavy hds. tobacco and 350 do, both equal in bulk to 450 bales of cotton, proving her capability of carrying at least 3700 bales of cotton—3,152 bales of the cotton was consigned to the house of N. & J. Dick & Co.—the same being the largest consignment of cotton, on board of the vessel, ever made to any house in New Orleans, or to any house in the world. This splendid boat has been built, during the last season, by the enterprising house of James Woods & Co. of the city, and cost, as we are informed, \$45,000. We hope the gentlemen will reap the just reward due to their enterprise and public spirit. We understand that the Randolph is insured at New Orleans, at the office of the new Fire and Marine Insurance Company of this city, at the value of \$175,000. The Walk-in-the-Water, of the lower trade, may cease to brag. She is beaten, fairly beaten, by the Randolph, of Nashville.

CONDUCTING POWER OF TREES.—We find it stated by a respectable authority in an old volume of Scientific Memoirs, that the lightning often strikes the elm, chestnut, pine, every kind of oak, and sometimes ash and other trees, but never beech, birch or maple. Can any of our friends in the country inform of facts relating to this theory? It is very clear, if it be true, that some regard may be advantageously paid to it, especially in the construction of houses.

NAVAL LYCEUM.—The officers at the navy yard at Philadelphia are about forming a "Lyceum," on the same plan as that at Brooklyn.

VERY SHORT PASSAGE.—The packet ship Napoleon, Captain Smith, sailed from New York, for Liverpool, on the 8th of November, and arrived there on the 25th, after a run of only sixteen days.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday forenoon, says the N. Y. Commercial, the frame work of a three story brick house now erecting in Monroe street opposite to the late residence of Col. Rutgers, deceased, gave way, and fell from the ridge to the floor of the second story, carrying with it several workmen, all of whom are severely injured. George Shelly, a mason, had three ribs and a thigh broken. George Mullen, another mason, who was also on the ridge, caught hold of some of the falling timbers which remained, but his strength failing, he relinquished his hold, and fell upon the ruins, a distance of about fifty feet. The others injured were John Mullen, Henry Jackson, and a laborer named Riley.—The house belongs to John Bunting, and is one of a block now erecting by him.

THE PERILS OF PEARL STREET.—Almost an entire new edition of this work—which our readers will recollect was lately announced in this paper—went off in the short space of one hour, having been consumed at the late fire in a printing office in Cliff street. This is rather an unlucky event to both author and publisher; for however rapid both might wish the book to go, they would have preferred to have it turned into cash rather than into ashes. By this accident a considerable delay in the publication has necessarily been occasioned. But it gives us pleasure to learn that the printer was insured, so that his "perils" were less than his friends apprehended they might be. The Pearl street "perils" are now reprinting, and will shortly appear before the public; but although the author is a luminous writer, we doubt whether the second edition will cast as much light upon our benighted city, as the first.—*lb.*

MELANCHOLY EVENT.—The Sandusky (Ohio) Clarion, gives the particulars of a melancholy event, which occurred in that place on the 4th inst. Two little boys, about seven or eight years old—one named Alfred, youngest son of Mr William Kelley, the other Andrew, eldest son of Captain Grimes, left home without the knowledge of their friends, with the intention of going across on the ice to the peninsula (four or five miles) where Mr Kelly was. As soon as the fact was made known to their friends a pursuit was commenced, and although they had disappeared, they were followed by their tracks. About half way across the bay, Alfred was found dead, his body in the water, and one arm frozen to the ice, which prevented his sinking. It is supposed that the other child was drowned in the same place, but all attempts by the father and his friends to find the body, have thus far proved unsuccessful.

DIVIDEND.—The Washington Insurance Company have declared a dividend of four and a half per cent. payable on the 1st of February.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Sunday evening last, Mr Samuel Grossman, school master, near Brown's mills, in Summerhill township, in this county, and his daughter about fifteen years of age, met an awful and sudden death. They were standing in the door of their house, a small frame building, when a large tree blown down by the storm, fell on the house and broke through it, and falling on them instantly deprived them both of life. Their lifeless bodies could not be removed, until the tree was cut and taken off them. Mrs Grossman and a younger daughter were much injured, but not mortally—also a person who was boarding in the house, whose name we have not heard.—*Ebensburg (Pa) Sky.*

Disaster by Ice.—The British brig Romulus, (of Yarmouth, N. S.) Dinger, from Fredericksburgh, laden with flour, bound to Halifax, N. S. encountered great quantities of ice between Tappanhook and Urbanna, on Sunday and Monday last, by which she was cut through, and sunk off the latter place: crew saved.—*Norfolk Beacon, Jan. 14.*

FOREIGN.

NINE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—By the packet ship George Washington, Capt. Holdredge, from Liverpool, the Editor of the N. Y. Commercial has received London papers to the 24th of November, and Liverpool to the 25th, both inclusive.

THE SPANISH INSURRECTION.—The papers are filled with details of the servile war in Spain, equally confused and perplexing. It is only possible to gather that no material change has taken place in the general aspect of affairs. Insurrections are continually breaking out in various directions, which are easily quelled by the queen's troops, when they arrive at the points of action. The British government had formerly acknowledged donna Isabella, and the government of the queen regent. M. Villiers, the British minister, received his new instructions on the 5th of November, and presented them on the 6th. Despatches from Madrid, dated the 13th November, had been received by the French government on the 20th, at which date it was

not known in the Spanish capital whether or not General Sarsfield, "whose army had been reinforced," had achieved any thing of importance. Don Carlos had been proclaimed in Valencia by a body of insurgents, amounting to between 200 and 300 men, but who, on being surrounded by the queen's troops, subsequently laid down their arms. The royalist volunteers, who had left Valencia in order to raise the population, had failed in that object, and dispersed. The accounts from Bilbao are of the 15th of November, when the carlists were still in possession, and trying to raise a new loan of £60,000. They were, however, behaving with greater mildness to the late authorities of the place, who still remained in prison. The capture of a French vessel by the insurgent's privateers is now denied. On the whole, it appears that in this quarter, affairs were proceeding favorably to the queen's cause. The movements of her active and zealous partisan, El Pastor, have been prompt and successful. On learning that a conspiracy had been formed in St. Sebastian to deliver up the place to the carlists, he proceeded thither with his troops, caused the governor, who was at the head of the conspiracy, to be shot, and appointed another in his place. He had subsequently attacked and defeated a large body of the carlists near Tolosa. A letter from Bayonne of the 17th of November, states that a brisk cannonade had been heard there the preceding day, which was supposed to proceed from St. Sebastian, upon which the insurgents, in great force, had made an assault. Madrid, Barcelona, and the whole of Catalonia and Arragon, are said to be tranquil, but on all these matters Paris was inundated with the most contradictory reports.

The London courier contains two proclamations, purporting to have been issued, one from Don Carlos, the other from Gen. Quesada. The first is evidently spurious. The second is dated Valladolid, October 20th. It breathes war, fierce and uncompromising war, on the part of the queen regent's friends, against the denounced monks and their supporters.

PORTUGAL.—The annexed article is extracted from a letter addressed by an officer in the army of queen Donna Maria, to one of his friends in London.

Cartaxo, Nov. 8.—Since my last there has been no material change in our situation. Don Miguel is yet at Santarem, which, though an old open town, is a strong position, on account of its site commanding the road, at the same its ruined castle is difficult of approach. In spite of these disadvantages, the spirit of our troops is such, that I think as soon as the flying columns detached perhaps unseasonably to some sea ports join us, we shall endeavor to turn the enemy at Santarem. Don Miguel *fait le fort*, because he knows that his force of cavalry is treble ours, and it would be imprudent in us to hazard any thing when the approaching inundation must oblige him to leave that position, or at least to lose many of his present advantages.

It is so long since we have received any direct intelligence from Portugal, and our last advices on several occasions were so meagre and imperfect, that we presume the following letter from Admiral Napier to the minister of Marine, will be read with interest though its date is not the latest:—

St. Ubes, November 4.
"My dear sir—There has been nothing but the greatest mismanagement displayed here.—It appears that the queen's forces took possession of Alcazer de Sal on the 25th of October, the enemy flying from the place. Col. Florencio advanced at four in the morning of the 2d, about three miles, and took up a position; the enemy made a movement on his left, which brought his troops into a plain, with a wood on each side of him. The regular troops were drawn up across this plain, with the English marines and Portuguese marine brigades as skirmishes. The enemy advanced three squadrons of cavalry at a gallop, but Captain Birt threw the marines into a rallying square, and repulsed them with great loss. The cavalry formed again, and were again repulsed with severe loss, retiring on the rear of their infantry. Capt. Birt then formed in line, and advanced against a column of infantry which was advancing to attack him.—At this moment the whole of the Portuguese troops turned round, fired a volley in the air, and fairly ran away as fast as they could. He was in consequence obliged to retire, and cover their flight to the town; then the volunteers threw away their accoutrements and ammunition. Captain Birt begged Colonel Florencio to rally his regiment at a castle on this side the town, but his self possession was so entirely gone that nothing was done, and away they all went, helter skelter, through the marshes towards the river.

The cavalry took a road to the right, and cut them in all directions: some escaped in boats. Others swam across, many were drowned, and the rest surrendered. Captain Birt pursued his retreat in good order to the river, where he found all the boats gone down with those who had saved themselves.—There were boats on the opposite side of the river, which were brought over by some of his men who could swim: those who could not, went into the boats on board a hiate; the others swam off. A party

of fifty, with several officers, went lower down the river, where they were charged by the cavalry. Those who could swim took to the water, the rest were either killed or taken. Lieut. Fitzpatrick, I believe was drowned. Mr Ebsworth was taken. Our loss is 54 marines, and non commissioned officers, killed, drowned, or taken. As for the rest of the troops, God knows where they are: I hear 200 are at Palmella, and there may be about 100 here. I have ordered the men from Palmella, and am rallying the rest as fast as I can. The Belgians are landed, and are good troops. The marines are here without arms or clothing, and I beg you will send immediately 300 stand of arms, accoutrements, and clothing, and then we shall muster between 400 and 500 men. This is a most important place, and must not be given up on any account. They have committed the folly of taking the guns out of Fort St. Phillip, which protects the harbor, and with two or three field pieces would drive the ships from their anchorage. I shall put fifty men into it, and I recommend you to send me a half a dozen guns to defend it against the land side.

You ought to send the rest of the Belgians here, and with that force and a good commander we could advance. If the enemy get this place, they will find the importance of it—they will be able to receive supplies from England, and I shall not be able to prevent it. Gen. Lemos commands in the southward, and we intercepted a letter from him to the commanding officer at—, to make a dash at St. Ubes. I am going to Sines to see if I can withdraw the garrison from thence, and I have ordered the Don Pedro to come here also, to assist in defending the place. I foresee this war will be protracted, and they must not be allowed to get the coast. Bernardo da Sa should take Figueira in preference to any thing, and we could then push our vessels of war into the Mondego. It is useless making any comments upon what has passed; had common courage and common management been displayed notwithstanding their cavalry, instead of charging theirs, after Captain Birt had thrown them into confusion, stood still, and then fled with the infantry, never even attempting to cover their retreat."

POLAND.—The Journal des Debats announces that Austria, Prussia, and Russia, have signed an offensive and defensive treaty respecting Poland; in the event of a revolt in any part of the old kingdom of Poland, each of the three powers is to march 15,000 men, together 105,000 men; that administrative and other reform may be granted, but that nothing like an independent kingdom of Poland will even be heard of by the three powers.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.—Captain Brush of the brig Rolla, from Buenos Ayres, which place he left on the 19th of November, confirms our previous accounts of the restoration of tranquility in that city and republic. The United States ship Falmouth had arrived at Buenos Ayres from the Pacific, and was to proceed the same day for the United States, touching at Montevideo, and Rio Janeiro.

Samuel Webber, second mate of the ship Hamilton, of Portsmouth, N. H. from Bath, Me. together with Robert Long and Thomas Stokely, of Philadelphia, were drowned at Buenos Ayres by the upsetting of a boat.—*Com.*

FROM ST. DOMINGO.—By the arrival of the schooner Rolla, Captain Tarlton, from Port au Prince, we learn that a new law had been promulgated by president Boyer, forbidding all foreign vessels from trading from one port to the other, in the island, and to take effect on the 1st of January; consequently vessels touching at any port in the island, must discharge and load there. The law is said to be intended to turn the attention of the planters to the raising of coffee, and to break up the mahogany trade.—*lb.*

FROM CALCUTTA.—By the ship America, Capt. Eldridge, from Calcutta, we learn that the United States ship Peacock, had sailed from Batavia on a cruise to the Persian gulf. Owing to inundations and other causes, the indigo crop was expected to be much less productive than usual.—*lb.*

CURIOUS CLOCK.—The most curious thing in the cathedral of Lubec is a clock of singular construction, and very high antiquity. It is calculated to answer astronomical purposes, representing the places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, a perpetual almanac, and many other contrivances. The clock, as an inscription sets forth, was placed in the church on Candlemas day, in 1405. Over the face of it was the image of our savior, and on either side of the image are folding doors, so constructed as to fly open every day when the clock strikes twelve. At this hour, a set of figures, representing twelve apostles, come out from the door on the left hand of the image, and pass by in review before it, each figure making its obeisance by bowing as it passes that of our savior, and afterwards entering the door on the right hand. When the procession terminates the doors close.—*Clark's Travels in Scandinavia.*

LITERARY INQUIRER, AND Repertory of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, JANUARY 20, 1834.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—On the 8th instant, the secretary of state, in his capacity of superintendent of common schools, made his annual report to the legislature. Perhaps there are few documents of a public nature which excite more attention, or which are looked for with greater interest, than the report now under consideration. We learn from it, that "the whole number of organized school districts in the state is nine thousand six hundred and ninety, of which nine thousand one hundred and seven have made their annual reports to the commissioners of common schools." We are gratified to hear, that "there is an increase of seventeen thousand five hundred and sixteen in the number of children who have received instruction since the preceding year, while the actual increase in the whole number of children enumerated between five and sixteen years of age is thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-six." From the important suggestions of the superintendent, in relation to the course of instruction pursued, we make the following extracts:—

"The leading defect in the course of instruction is that it is not sufficiently practical in its tendencies. The aim of common school instruction should be to impart practical knowledge. They should have such an acquaintance with the duties of county, town and school district offices, as to enable them to execute any of those trusts if called to them by the partiality of their fellow citizens. And in their social capacity as citizens living under a government of laws, they should be familiar with those enactments which trace out the line of duty and declare the penalties attendant upon its transgression.

There is another view of this subject which ought not to be overlooked. Knowledge is in modern times the great instrument by which political results are accomplished. Indeed, it may be suggested with some reason, whether the observation is not equally true of ages less enlightened than our own. Writers upon government have, until recently, it is true, been accustomed to lay the foundation of political power in the possession of property. But, in reverting to the times in which the truth of this proposition has been generally received, it will be found that the possession of property and of knowledge had usually been coincident in the same classes, and the influence of one may easily have been confounded with that of the other. At all events, the observation is, in modern times, true alike of individuals and classes of men. Those whose minds are furnished with the greatest amount of practical knowledge, exercise, as a general rule, the most powerful and enduring influence over their associates in the active concerns of life. This remark is not intended to apply to merely scientific acquirements, but to that knowledge which is applicable to the practical business of mankind. So far, therefore, as it is attainable in the common schools, the proper branches of instruction should be introduced; for if they are excluded, forty-nine of fifty of our citizens will be compelled to gain useful knowledge elsewhere by their own efforts, and to enter upon the theatre of life under decided disadvantages, when compared with those who have the means of procuring an education in schools of a higher grade. It is believed that the former might be made the vehicles of all practical knowledge which is necessary to fit men for the discharge of the duties of citizenship, or which can be made applicable to the ordinary concerns of life. Any thing beyond this may be left to those who have the means and taste for scientific acquirements, without the danger of detracting from the just influence in society of those, who have neither wealth nor leisure for such pursuits."

COMPTROLLER'S REPORT.—On the 8th instant, the comptroller presented to the assembly his annual report. From this document, which is described as "long, able and interesting," it appears the condition of the general fund is such, that, in the opinion of the Albany Argus, "it can no longer be relied upon to meet the demands upon the treasury; and the necessary means for this purpose are to be obtained, either, 1. By a direct tax; or, 2. By a resort to borrowing." The advantages and disadvantages of these methods are argued at some length, and in favor of the former it is affirmed, that "a state tax of one mill at the present time, would furnish the means of answering all the demands upon the treasury; whereas, 'a dozen years hence, if the system of borrowing is resorted to, it will require a mill tax to pay the interest upon the debt created.'"

SHIP CANAL.—At a numerous and respectable meeting, held at Lockport on the 15th instant, it was resolved to have recourse to all suitable measures for procuring a ship canal, by the most advantageous route, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

TEMPERANCE.—At the annual meeting of our Young Men's Temperance Society, which was held in the Presbyterian church last week, a resolution was passed to supply every family in this city, who will receive it, with the Temperance Recorder. We hope not a single family will be found to refuse so valuable an auxiliary in this noble cause, and that the committee appointed to collect subscriptions to carry the resolution into effect, will readily obtain from our citizens whatever pecuniary contributions this praiseworthy effort may require. A deeply interesting address was delivered on the occasion by SETH C. HAWLEY, Esq., whose eloquent appeal was alike distinguished by the conclusiveness of its arguments and the force of its expositions.

FOREIGN NEWS.—By the arrival of the packet ship George Washington, which sailed from Liverpool on the 25th of November and reached New York on the 18th instant, London and Liverpool papers eight days later than our previous dates have been received. They are, however, stated to be "entirely destitute of political intelligence of interest," there being "nothing whatever of a political nature stirring in England worthy of comment." In relation to other parts of Europe we have given several extracts of an important character, and shall next week present to our readers additional quotations of an interesting nature.

The long passage of this fine ship was owing to the succession of westerly gales, which she encountered during the whole period, and which caused her, as we are informed by the Commercial, to beat every league of the passage. On the second day out she encountered a heavy gale, which drove her within five miles of the shore of the bay of Carnarvon, in Wales, and on the twelfth day she was to the westward of Cape Clear. Captain Holdredge, we learn, attributes her safety to her superior strength and excellence as a seaboat.

CORRECTION.—Unless the editors of the Republican "inadvertently overlooked," or most strangely misinterpreted the Address in our first number, they must have perceived that this journal is "professedly" something more than a "literary and miscellaneous periodical;" and that those of a sectional nature are the only political questions whose discussion we have excluded from our columns. In relation to all subjects of importance to the state or nation, we shall, as we have already intimated, "pursue a straightforward, candid and independent course, alike free from political intrigue and untrammelled by party pledges."

PERIODICALS.—The *Hermethenian*, conducted by a number of undergraduates in Washington college, is a respectable publication. From the January number we have extracted an interesting sketch, which will be found in a preceding part of our paper.

The *Monthly Traveller*, published in Boston at \$2.00 per annum, is devoted to literature and miscellanies. The last number is embellished with several appropriate wood engravings, and contains a selection of choice pieces from American and foreign publications, together with notices of new works and other interesting original matter.

Part VI. of the *Christian Library* contains the conclusion of the interesting and instructive memoir of Miss Mary Jane Graham, and a series of Lectures, by Bishop Heber, on the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

IN SENATE.

Wednesday, Jan. 15.—Petitions presented: By Mr Van Schaick, for the Merchants and Clothiers' bank in the city of New York.

Mr Edmonds moved an amendment to the resolutions from the assembly relative to the removal of the deposits, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Thursday, Jan. 16.—Mr Edmonds called for the consideration of the resolutions from the assembly relative to the removal of the deposits, also the resolution moved by him as an amendment thereto.

Mr Seward addressed the senate nearly two hours in opposition to the resolutions. At the request of Mr S., and before he had finished his remarks, the senate adjourned.

Friday, Jan. 17.—Mr Seward concluded his remarks in opposition to the resolutions from the assembly, relative to the removal of the deposits.

Mr Maison rose in support of the resolutions, and in reply to Mr Seward. Mr M. had proceeded but a few minutes, when the debate was arrested by his sudden indisposition, and the senate adjourned.

Saturday Jan. 18.—On motion of Mr Dodge, the consideration of the deposit resolutions, was postponed to Monday, in consequence of Mr Maison's absence from indisposition. The senate went into Executive business, after which it adjourned.

Monday, Jan. 20.—Petitions: Of the commissioners of the New York and Albany rail road for an alteration of its charter; of the inhabitants of Columbia, in favor of the repeal of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt.

After some other business was attended to, the senate resumed the consideration of the resolutions in relation to the deposits.

Mr Maison returned to the members of the senate his thanks for the kindness and attention shown him on his sudden indisposition on Friday last.

Mr Van Schaick addressed the senate for some time, when Mr Dodge spoke until the hour of adjournment in favor of the passage of the resolutions, and after concluding, the senate adjourned.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—Mr Edwards moved the consideration of the unfinished business, the resolutions approving of the removal of the deposits, &c. Mr Maison took the floor in support of the resolutions, and in reply to Mr Seward.

IN ASSEMBLY.

Wednesday, Jan. 15.—Among the bills reported, was one to reduce the duties on salt manufactured in any of the counties in this state. A bill was introduced on notice to amend the act entitled of "justices of the peace;" to abolish capital punishment, and to provide for the punishment of certain crimes. [Substitutes solitary confinement for capital punishment.]

Thursday, Jan. 16.—A communication was received from the surveyor general, favorable to the petition of the Buffalo and Black Rock rail road, to place a part of that road on land belonging to the state, which on motion of Mr Beardsley, was referred with the petition to the committee on canals.

Friday, Jan. 17.—Petitions were presented for a bank at Fredonia, for a rail road from Medina to Buffalo; for a bank at Medina, Orleans county.

Saturday Jan. 18.—Among the petitions presented and referred, were the following: For a rail road from New York to Lake Erie; for a Long Island rail road, for the repeal of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt.

Monday, Jan. 20.—Petitions presented from merchants of New York, for a bank, to be entitled the Transportation bank, in said city; from N. York, for the home merchants' bank at New York. Mr Drake introduced a bill to incorporate the city of Brooklyn.

Tuesday Jan. 21.—Petition presented and referred—By Mr McKean, of the managers of the Prince Street Orphan Asylum, New York, for relief.

Several bills were reported, when the committee of the whole, Mr Shays in the chair, resumed the consideration of the bill relative to the rights and competency of witnesses. The debate was continued by Messrs Gordon, Inglass, Cash, Dana, and Drake, in opposition to the bill, and by Messrs Hertell, Myers, Wheeler and Robertson, in support of it; when the question was taken and the bill was lost, 46 to 67, and the committee rose and reported. On the question of agreeing with the committee in their report, Mr Brasher called for the ayes and noes, which were ordered. The report was agreed to, ayes 60, noes 52. So the bill was rejected. Adj.

TWENTYTHIRD CONGRESS.

IN SENATE.

Wednesday Jan. 15.—Besides a variety of minor business, Mr Ewing presented a petition from Ohio, praying that Slavery may be abolished in the District of Columbia; referred to the committee on the district.

Mr Shepley resumed his observations in defence of the removal of the deposits, and continued to speak until a quarter before 3 o'clock, when, without concluding, he yielded the floor and the senate adjourned.

Thursday, Jan. 16.—A number of petitions were presented and several private bills ordered to a third reading. The senate resumed the consideration of the report of the secretary of the treasury, and the resolutions of Mr Clay. Mr Shepley resumed his remarks, and continued until a quarter before three o'clock, when he concluded with moving that when the question be taken on the resolutions, it be taken by yeas and nays, which was ordered. The senate then proceeded to the consideration of Executive business.

Friday, Jan. 17.—The senate resumed the consideration of Mr Clay's resolution, proposing an inquiry into the expediency of extending the time of payment of merchants' bonds for du-

ties, &c. Mr Poindexter and Mr Benton made some remarks, when Mr Webster moved to lay the subject for the present on the table, and Mr Clay assenting to the proposition, it was carried without a division. The chair then announced the special order; when Mr Rives addressed the senate, in defence of the act of the secretary of the treasury in removing the deposits, and continued to speak until a quarter before 5, when, having concluded his remarks, the senate adjourned.

Monday, Jan. 20.—The Vice President announced the special order, being the report of the secretary of the treasury on the removal of the deposits. Mr Ewing of Ohio, then rose, and addressed the senate, and after making some progress in his remarks, the senate adjourned.

Tuesday Jan. 21.—On motion of Mr Webster, the appropriation bill, sent back from the house of representatives, disagreeing to the amendment of the senate, striking out the clause respecting the contingent fund, was considered and adhered to.

Mr Ewing addressed the senate on the subject of the deposits, and afterwards the senate proceeded to the consideration of executive business.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Wednesday, Jan. 15.—After reading reports from committees, and attending to some other business of minor importance, the deposit question was resumed, and Mr S. M. Dowell Moore delivered his sentiments upon it at large, after which (Mr Beardsley having the floor) the house adjourned.

Thursday Jan. 16.—The subject of the deposits came up as the order of the day; when Mr Beardsley of New York took the floor, and continued to occupy it until 4 o'clock, when Mr Jones, of Georgia, moved the adjournment, and has the floor tomorrow.

Friday Jan. 17.—Several bills were reported and other business attended to, when on motion of Mr Polk, the general appropriation bill was taken up; and the question being on agreeing to the senate's amendment, which goes to strike out a proviso in the bill on the subject of printing or purchasing books, by order of either house of congress, a debate arose, which occupied the house till the hour of adjournment, and resulted in the disagreement of the house to the senate's amendment, by yeas and nays, as follows: yeas 70, nays 112; adjourned to Monday.

Monday Jan. 20.—A great number of petitions were presented, when the subject of the deposits then coming up, with the several motions in relation thereto, as the unfinished business, Mr Jones of Georgia took the floor in opposition to Mr M. Duffie's resolution, and continued to speak till past 3 o'clock, when without having concluded, he gave way to a motion for adjournment; and the house adjourned.

Tuesday Jan. 21.—The hour assigned for the consideration of the deposit question having arrived, the house resumed the consideration of the motion of Mr M. Duffie, with the amendments proposed thereto; and Mr Jones of Georgia, resumed and concluded the speech which he commenced yesterday. When he concluded, Mr Huntington of Connecticut, obtained the floor; and then the house adjourned.

MARRIED.—On Sunday last, by C. Eggert, Esq, Mr John Collette, of this city, to Miss Mary Ann Covey, of Amherst.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The editors would be pleased to receive a visit from "A. B. R."

The anatomical essay will probably appear next week. Other contributions before mentioned as "under consideration," and which have not been inserted, are respectfully declined—"Carlos" is received, but not examined.

BUFFALO BOOK STORE, No. 204 Main street, Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834. A. W. Wilgus has just received a fresh supply of Books and Stationery, among which are the Education Annual, by J. Breckenridge A. M. Italy, a poem by Samuel Rogers. The Harper's Head, a legend of Kentucky, by S. Hall. Walden; by Litchfield. The Down Easter, &c. &c. in 2 vols. by J. Neal. Richelieu, a tale of France, in 2 vols. The Book of Commerce, by sea and land, designed for schools. The Aristocrat, an American tale, in 2 vols. Tom Cringle's Log, 2d Series, in 2 vols. Lights and Shadows of German Life, in 2 vols. Dutchess of Berri, in La Vendee, comprising a narrative of her adventures, &c. by Gen. Dermontcourt. Kinwick's Treatise on Steam Engine. Allen's Mechanic.

A. W. WILGUS, No. 204 Main street, has just received ed Clark's Commentary, in 9 vols. Parochial Lectures on the Law and the Gospel, by S. H. Tyng, D. D. Scenes of our Parish, by a country Parson's daughter; the Influence of the Bible, in improving the understanding and moral character, by J. Matthews, D. D. The Church of God, in a series of dissertations, by the Rev. R. W. Evans; the Mother at home, or the principle of maternal duty, familiarly illustrated by J. S. C. Abbott; Manly Piety, in its principles, by R. Phillips, of Maberly Chapel; Religious Souvenir, by S. T. Bidell, D. D. The Churchman's Almanac; Common Prayer, fine and common; Methodist Harmonist, new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. A large assortment of pocket Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books.

Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834. **JUST RECEIVED** at the Buffalo Book Store, 204 Main street; Albans, an elegant article; Parchment; fine Drawing Paper of all sizes and qualities; Porter's Analysis; Adams' Grammar; Bridgewater Treatises; Mechanism of the Hand, by Sir Charles Bell; Physical condition of Man, by John Kidd; Astronomy and general Physics, by the Rev. W. Whewell. A. W. WILGUS.

Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

Poetry.

Original.

TAKE BACK THE BOWL.

Take back—take back this odious bowl!
For though it look so bright and clear,
There's death within it to the soul—
To all that's high and noble here.

Take back—take back this poisonous draft!
I dare not thus destroy my mind;
For though I oft have o'er it laugh'd,
It ever left a sting behind.

Take back—take back this fiendish drink!
It was not made for you and I;
And O you can not make me think
I'll want it when I come to die.

Oh take it back!—I'd rather have
You plunge a dagger in my breast;
This would but lay me in the grave—
That, rob me of eternal rest.

A CANADIAN SONG.

By Mrs. Moodie.

'Tis merry to hear at evening time,
By the blazing hearth, the sleighbell's chime;
And to know each bound of the sled brings higher
The friend for whom we have heaped the fire:
Light leap our hearts, while the listening hound
Springs forth to hail him with bark and bound.

'Tis he! and hitherto the gay bells sound,
As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground—
Hark! he has passed the dark pinewood—
And skims like a bird o'er the icebound flood;
Now he catches the gleam from the cabin door,
Which tells that his toilsome journey's o'er.

Our cabin is small, and coarse our cheer,
But Love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caressed;
By our wellbeloved and welcome guest:
With a smiling brow his tale he tells,
While the 'urchins ring the merry sleighbells.

From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolves howl,
From the hollow oak loud whoops the owl,
Scared by the crash of the falling tree;
But these sounds bring terror no more to me;
No longer I listen with boding fear,
The sleighbell's distant clime to hear.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

A SKETCH.

He had a single child, and she
Was beautiful to that degree,
That not a boor the country round,
But shook for very awe and fear,
And cast his eyes upon the ground,
Whenever she drew near.
The soul that stirred her tender limb
Was such a giant mind of things,
And yet she was the kindest thing,
It seems to me, that ever lived.
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Could keep her from the sick man's side;
With fearless step she trod the world—
The mountain torrent she defied—
And if she found that Death, indeed,
Had grasped him with his clammy hand,
Then 'twas her joy to bid him speed,
Unerring, to that better land.
With lines of light she drew the bowers,
In which the blessed shall repose;
And told, in music, of the hours,
When free from error, and the woes
That cluster round each footstep here,
We shall go up from sphere to sphere—
Where mind of man hath never flown,
Nor foot of seraph ever trod;
Beyond the everliving fount—
Beyond the dim, mysterious mount—
Beyond the last angel's throne,
Into the very presence of our God.
At length we missed her pleasant voice:
It was the springtime of the year;
But when we broke the closted soil,
And scattered the mysterious grain,
She did not come to share our toil,
And in the village there were some
That whispered, that she could not come.
Alas! she never came again.
She died. And when the truth was known,
There came upon our vale, a gloom—
Upon our sunny vale, a chill—
As though the shadows of the tomb
Had clothed each neighboring hill.
We could not think that she was dead:
How could she die—that perfect being—
And moulder into powerless dust?
But it was so: we dug her grave,
And laid her by her mother's side.
'Tis the spot. The rank weeds wave
Upon it, since the father died.
But still, along the shore, the surge
Chanteth her melancholy dirge;
And still the glow worm's funeral light
Above her burns; and still, you see,
Droopeth the solemn willow tree;
And the dew weeps her, night by night.
And still, at morn, our peasants say,
As darkness melteth into day,
Uncertain music floats away
Above this lonely spot:
And still our village maidens tell,
How sometimes, at the vesper bell,
A form—they know not what—
Comes dimly on the breathless air,
Betwixt them and the western sky,
And awes them—'tis so strange, so fair—
'Till, mingling with the colors there,
'The scarceen features die.
It may be only Fancy's hand;
That paints it, or it may be Fear;
Or it may be the spirit bland,
Of her that slumbers here.
But ah! we never more shall see,
By homely hearth, or woodland tree,
Another maiden such as she.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Col. O'Brien has left Lima on a journey to explore the very little known Indian country between Cusco and La Paz; and to form a collection of natural history, &c. The English botanist, Mr Matthews, had also set out on a second excursion to Lima, in a different direction from the colonel, and proposing to return from the valleys of Guiana by the Amazon river to Nanjo and Tarma.

Upper Canada.—The population of this province is 296,544.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

It appears that General Lafayette has not offered for sale the whole of his land in Florida. In a letter dated 4th November last, to Mr Skinner, of Baltimore, his agent, he says—"I depend on your and Mr Williams' kind precaution, at the same time that I request him to be very attentive to the selection of the spot which is to remain for myself and children, a precious relic of the munificence and goodness of congress in my behalf." The relic reserved consists of about one thousand acres, adjoining Tallahassee.

The Duchess Republican says, that the Hon. John Black, the senator from Mississippi, was a teacher of a common school at Kingston, Ulster county, in 1818. He rose by his own exertions to the bar, and from the bar to the senate of the union.

The tolls on the Delaware and Hudson canal, for the last year amounted to more than 37,000 dollars.

The consecration of the Rev. James H. Oty, bishop elect of the episcopal church in Tennessee, took place in Philadelphia on Tuesday week.

A company of gentlemen in Portland, have lately purchased a tract of land containing 7000 acres, in the state of Georgia.

A bill has been introduced into the assembly to repeal the act abolishing imprisonment for debt.

It is mentioned in the newspapers that there is to be seen at one of the banks in Boston, a parcel of American gold coin, worth nearly a thousand dollars, sent in from a country bank.

An india rubber dress worn by a Philadelphia fireman, stood a three hour's drenching without the lining being wet.

The house of representatives of Ohio have passed a resolution disapproving of the military academy at West Point, as at present organized.

A bill has passed the assembly of this state, authorizing the payment of one dollar per day to grand and petit jurors.

The New York fire insurance company have declared a dividend of four and a half per cent, payable on the 1st of February.

The nett revenue from the Erie and Champlain canals, for the past year, after paying all expenses, was \$1,135,161 31.

Philadelphia Rail Road Line.—The rail road is now so far completed, that passengers are transported by the cars to within eight miles of Camden, by which the route is performed within from seven to eight hours.

The Delaware and Hudson canal company, have constructed a new boiler to burn Lackawanna coal; and they offer to guarantee a saving of 25 per cent. on the former cost of wood, to such proprietors of steam boats as shall first adopt and use the boiler on the North and East rivers.

It is estimated that 1500 persons have been destroyed in this country during the past three years, by the bursting of steam boat boilers.—Since July, 1832, sixty seven steam boats have been lost or abandoned on the western waters.

The seal of Lafayette is a head of Washington in the centre, surrounded by a broad glory, which fills the centre of its circumference.

Two individuals who were both above seventy years of age, and who had been courting forty seven years, were lately married at Windham, Conn.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Among the items of expenditure of the British association for the present year, is one of £50 for making lenses of rock salt, to ascertain if an approach to perfection can be made through this substance in an article so essential to astronomy.

Wire soled shoes.—A man in England has made a pair of shoes, that contain upwards of 30,00 wire springs in the soles, which consist of 22 ply of silk, leather, &c.

The hottest place.—It is stated that the hottest place on the face of the globe is in the vicinity of Lagaira, in Venezuela: and that the mean heat of the year in that place is 82 1-2 degrees. Probably there are districts of Africa of equal temperature, where travelers have had little opportunity, and inhabitants taken no pains, to observe.

A heavy fire broke out on Christmas night at Savannah, which destroyed several houses, stores, and stables.

A truly philanthropic society of Paris, with a liberality truly philanthropic, commenced distributing, as in England and the United States, popular tracts on the sciences and useful arts at five sous each, under the name of the *Bibliothèque Populaire*. Two hundred thousand have been already sold, embracing treatises on physics, geography, surveying, popular knowledge &c. They are prettily written, under the form of stories told by a young philosopher, who recounts the information that has been communicated to him in his travels through all parts of the earth.

The Museum of the Louvre now contains 906 objects of ancient sculpture, and 3,285 pictures.

THE WHALE FISHERY.—The January number of the North American Review has unusual variety and interest. From an article on the whale fishery, we learn that the number of vessels now engaged in that pursuit is 392. Of these 184 are owned at New Bedford, and 73 at Nantucket. The capital employed is estimated \$12,000,000. The imports of 1831 were 110,000 bbls. of sperm oil, 118,000 barrels of whale oil, and 1,000,000 pounds of whale bone. The annual income of the fishery is set down at \$4,500,000. This is over 33 1-3 per cent on the investment.

THE SACS AND FOXES.—We learn from an extract of a letter in the Detroit Free Press, from a gentleman, dated Prairie du Chiens, December 12th, 1833, that the Sacs and Foxes are at their old tricks again—they attacked the Sioux a few days since, about 40 miles from this place, and killed nine. The attack was made in the night time, and on the Sioux lands. They however killed three of the aggressors. One company of the U. S. troops have gone from here in search of the Sacs and Foxes, and we hope will succeed in bringing in the murderers. It is with much difficulty the Sioux have been restrained from retaliation.

Advertisements.

BAILEY'S CHEMICAL COMPOUND Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla.—The best and safest preparation of Sarsaparilla ever discovered for the cure of Rheumatism, Liver Complaints, White Swellings, &c., removing all diseases arising from excess of mercury, exposures, and imprudences in life, general debility, &c. One bottle of the fluid extract is equal to a gallon of the syrup or decoction as generally made. Full directions accompany each bottle. Price 75 cents, sold only at the Chemical Laboratory, 307 Main street, and J. D. Sheppard's, No. 1 Kreamlin.

BUFFALO BOOK REPOSITORY, No. 214 Main Street.—Oliver G. Steele is now receiving and offers for sale, at the above well known stand, the largest and best assortment of school books that has ever been offered in this section of the country, which he will sell for cash, lower than they can be obtained at any other bookstore in the city. His stock of Classical Books are of the best and most approved editions that are to be obtained in the United States, being such as are used at the highest colleges and academies in New England and New York. His stock of Miscellaneous Books is very large, comprising the best editions of the standard works on history, biography, theology, medicine, and law, with a general assortment of the best novels and romances. His stock of family Bibles is extensive beyond any thing ever before offered in this city, with pocket Bibles and Testaments in abundance, of all sizes and prices. School books being the leading branch of his business, he will always be supplied with every thing wanted in schools and academies, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, on such terms as will make it for the interest of every purchaser to buy of him. Every person, therefore, who wishes to turn cash into books to the best advantage must be sure to call at Steele's Bookstore, where they can be furnished on better terms than they can be obtained at any other store in the city.

MORE NEW BOOKS at the Buffalo Bookstore, No. 204 Main street: Memoirs of the Court of King Charles the 1st, in 2 vols. by Lucy Aikin, Philadelphia; Memoirs of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, late missionary to Burmah, by Jas. D. Knowles, pastor of 2d Baptist church, in Boston; Broad Grins, and Poetical Vagaries, by Geo. Colman, the younger; Five Nights of St. Albans, a romance, in 2 vols. by the author of "First and Last"; Sketches and Eccentricities of Col. Crockett, new edition, in 2 vols. New York; Canterbury Tales, (first series) in 3 vols. by Sophia and Harriet Lee, Philadelphia; Chalmers, on the moral and intellectual constitution of man.

A. W. WILGUS.

NOTICE.—The copartnership of Ebenezer Johnson and Philander Hodge, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, except as relates to subsisting contracts entered into by them.

The undersigned have formed a connexion in the Brokerage and Exchange business, under the name and firm of Johnson, Hodge, & Co., to commence this day, and to be carried on at the office heretofore kept at No. 131, Main street, by E. Johnson & Co.

They will receive for safe keeping and in deposit, all money entrusted with them, and allow an interest at and after the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, subject to be drawn out at the pleasure of the depositor, and an interest at 6 per cent. on all deposits for three months or any longer period.

The business of the late copartnership will be closed by one of the members of the present firm, at their office. Those indebted will make speedy payments, as promptness will be expected.

EBENEZER JOHNSON,
PHILANDER HODGE,
M. F. JOHNSON.

Dated, January 1, 1834. 31

NEW PUBLICATIONS just received at the Buffalo Bookstore, no. 204 Main street: Library of standard literature, vol. 1, containing the works of Edmund Burke, 3 vols.; the works of Maria Edgeworth, vol. 2; Family Library, vol. 64, containing the history of Nabla and Abyssinia, by the Rev. Michael Russell; Alice Paulot, a sequel to Sydenham; Village Belles, Novel, 2 vols., &c. &c.

A general and extensive assortment of classical and school books, will be kept constantly at wholesale and retail on terms accommodating.

A. W. WILGUS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Sumner L. Fairfield, editor.—This magazine is devoted particularly to American literature, but will also contain brief reviews of foreign works and extracts of merit. Tales, sketches of scenery and manners, biographical and critical notices, poetry, an ana, or table talk, the fine arts, and record of occurrences, with reviews of all new works, constitute a portion of the entertainment which is presented in this periodical. All litigated questions, either of politics, religion, or the learned professions, are carefully avoided; and all merely personal rivalry or animosity excluded from the pages of this magazine.

The magazine is published in Philadelphia during the first week of every month. Each number contains sixty four royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and stitched in covers. The price is five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING neatly and expeditiously executed, by *Verrinder & Bacon*, at the office of the Literary Inquirer, 177 Main st. Buffalo. The support of their friends and the public is respectfully solicited. Jan 8

A FEW complete sets of the First Volume of the *Literary Inquirer*, may be obtained, price two dollars each, at the Bookstore of A. W. Wilgus, 204 Main st. or at the office of publication, Jan 8 177 Main street, Buffalo.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.—At the Buffalo Bookstore, 204 Main st. now being received a large and full supply of Books, Stationary and fancy articles, for the fall and winter supply. Jan 8 A. W. WILGUS.

CHRISTIAN LIBRARY; new volume.—Key & Biddle have commenced the second volume of that valuable and popular work, the Christian Library, comprising a series of standard religious literature, with parochial lectures on the law and the gospel. By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's church, Philadelphia.

The design of the work is to publish: 1. The most valuable religious and literary works which appear from the English press. In selecting from the former class, sectarianism will be studiously avoided; from the latter, such only will be chosen as Christians may with propriety circulate. 2. Translations of valuable works from the Continental press; and occasionally original productions of American writers. 3. Standard works which may be out of print, and selections from such as are accessible to but few. 4. Brief reviews of such books as do not fall within the plan of this work; so that the reader may be enabled to become speedily acquainted with most of the publications of the day, and to form, in some measure, an estimate of their value. Orders received by J. C. MEEKS, Eagle Buildings, Buffalo.

TO Sunday School Teachers and Parents.—As many persons have occasion to select Sunday School Libraries, or make purchases of books for children in their own or other families, we would call their attention to the excellent, cheap, and very popular works of the American Sunday School Union. They can furnish a library for a school which will contain 255 volumes, amounting to 28,365 pages, bound in fancy colored leather backs and corners, with marble covers. These volumes contain 1500 steel, copperplate, and wood engravings and maps, illustrating the various subjects of which the books treat. The price of the complete set is \$41.

Besides this library, the Union have published 163 smaller books in paper covers, containing 2056 pages, with a large number of wood cuts. A complete set of these costs \$1.46. If bound, they would make about ten or twelve volumes of uniform size.

In the above are not included several volumes, which, on account of size, &c. are not placed in the regular series; such as the Bible Dictionary, Geography, Psalmody, Hymn Books, Biographical Dictionary, Union Questions, &c.

Nearly the whole of the books have been printed from stereotype plates, on good papers; many of them were written expressly for the Union, and all have been examined and approved by the committee of publication, composed of an equal number of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches.

For the sum of \$12.46, the above 338 works can be procured by any Sunday School, and Sunday School Society, which will send a copy of its constitution, a list of officers, and an annual report to the American Sunday School Union, and thus become an auxiliary. They can be procured on the same terms by an individual who is a member of the Society, purchasing for his own use or for gratuitous distribution. The terms for membership are for life \$30, or \$3 annually, in which case they also receive gratuitously a copy of the Sunday School Journal.

In view of these facts, we may inquire how many thousands of parents might place in their dwellings such a library; embracing matter adapted to all ages, from the youngest child that can read, to the parents and domestics of the household! How many thousands little companies of youth might join and purchase a complete library for their amusement and instruction! How many thousands sets should be required by Sunday schools, by common schools, by public schools, by apprentices' libraries, by men of property, for gratuitous distribution, by ministers and pious visitors of the poor and the rich, for the comfort and benefit of the families and individuals they go amongst!

Orders, with particular directions as to the mode of conveying the books, will meet with prompt attention, if addressed to FREDERICK W. PORTER, Corresponding Secretary, American Sunday School Union, No. 146 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. 31

PROSPECTUS of the third volume of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, edited by Timothy Flint.—Permanent arrangements having been made with Mr. Flint, a gentleman whose literary reputation is well known in every part of the United States, the publishers of the *Knickerbocker* now present him to their friends and patrons as the editor of their magazine, the columns of which will be filled with the results of his pen, as well as regular contributions from other distinguished American writers.

Each number will contain eighty full size octavo pages in bourgeois and brevier, which will admit of nearly double the amount of letter press heretofore given, and printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the *Knickerbocker*, upon a medium paper of a high finish and fine quality; in short, the greatest attention will be paid to its typography and mechanical appearance, while several engravings, in a new and novel style, are in the engraver's hands, and will from time be given. Terms of subscription, \$5 a year, or \$3 for six months. PEABODY & CO., New York. Jan 8

THE LADY'S BOOK.—Each number of this periodical contains sixty pages of extra royal octavo letter press, printed with clear, new, and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and whitest color. It is embellished with splendid engravings on copper and steel, executed by artists of the highest skill and attention, and embracing every variety of subject.

The terms of the Lady's Book are three dollars per annum, payable in advance. Published by L. A. Godey & Co. Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

Printed and published every Wednesday, by *Verrinder & Bacon*, proprietors, at 177 Main street, Buffalo.

Terms.—Two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars, at the end of the year. Six months one dollar and twentyfive cents; three months, seventyfive cents; both invariably in advance.

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